Jerome & Schwartz's March Song Hit!

Meet Me in Rosetime Rosie

Successfully Featured by the Authors, JEROME & SCHWARTZ

SONGSTER

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Published by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, N. Y.

DELANEY'S RECITATIONS No. 1.

116 Recitations. Price 10 Cents.

A choice selection of popular standard recitations compiled by WILLIE WILDWAVE.

CONTENTS—Age of Man and Woman. Annie and Willie's Prayer. Antony and Cleopatra. Arab's Farewell to His Steed. Asleep at the Switch. Barbara Frietchie. Beautiful Snow. Bernardo Del Carpio. Beth Gelert. Betsy and I Are Out. Betsy Destroys the Paper. Bill Mason's Ride. Bingen on the Rhine. Bivouac of the Dead. Bootblack. Broken Promise. Calling Him Down. Casabianca. Charge of the Light Brigade. Chris'mas on der Bowery in 1891. Christmas Day at the Workhouse. Cleopatra Dying. Coals of Fire. Collier's Dying Child. Conscience and Future Judgment. Convict's Dream. Countersign. Curfew Must Not Ring To-night. Daschen on the Rhine. Dorkins' Night. Dreams. Dying Soldier. Editor's Mistake. Excelsior. Face on the Floor. Factory Girl's Last Day. Faithful. Felon. Foreclosure of the Mortgage. Gambler's Wife. Girl I Loved at School. Glove and the Lion. Gone With a Handsomer Man. Guilty or Not Guilty. Horatius at the Bridge. How Salvator Won. I Fights Mit Sigel. In Schooldays. I Would Not Live Alway. Jim Bludso. Kearney at Seven Pines. King and Poet. Lasca. Last Hymn. Laugh in School. Level and the Square. Life is but a Game of Cards. Lights o' London. Lips that Touch Liquor Must Never Touch Mine. Little Meg and I. Living and the Dead. Lochinvar's Ride. Maclaine's Child. Maniac. Marco Bozzaris. Moneyless Man. Mother's Fool. Nobody's Child. No Mortgage on the Farm. Old Man at the Model Church. Old Man in the Stylish Church. Old Printer. Old Sayings. Organ Grinder. 'Ostler Joe. Over the Hill to the Poorhouse. Papa's Letter. Paul Revere's Ride. Picket Guard. Polish Boy. Pride of Battery B. Psalm of Life. Raven. Reconciliation. Richmond on the James. Ring Down the Drop, I Cannot Play. Saint and the Sinner. Seven Ages of Man. Sheridan's Ride. Smiting the Rock. Soldier's Pardon. Somebody's Darling. Somebody's Mother. Song of the Goldbug. Song of the Shirt. Song of the Shop. Spartacus to the Gladiators. Sword of Bunker Hill. Three Fishers. Tramp. Vagabonds. Virginus. Volunteer Organist. Warren's Address. Watermill. We Reap What We Sow. What Became of a Lie. What I Live For. What is Life? Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud? Woman's Rights. Woodman, Spare that Tree. Wounded Soldier. Wreck of the Hesperus. Yaller Dog's Love for a Nigger. You Put No Flowers on My Papa's Grave.

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William W. Delaney,
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DELANEY'S RECITATIONS No. 2.

143 Recitations. Price 10 Cents.

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CONTENTS—Address of Spottycus. Afeard of a Gal. Affliction. After the Fourth of July. Alderman McGuirk's Address. And the Band Played. And the Gang Drinks with You. Atheist and the Acorn. Auction Extraordinary. Baby. Baccarat. Bad Whiskey. Barbara Fritchie (German version). Baseball. Bedbug. Betsy und I Hafe Bust Up. Boss Tramp. Casey at the Bat. Casey's Table D'Hote. Catastrophe. Charge of the Dutch Brigade. Chinese Excelsior. Chop Chow Chin. Christmas Day at Baldwin's. Church Reveries of a Schoolgirl. Colomb. Coney Island Down der Bay. Controlling Influence of Drink. Corns. Disappointed Boy. Doesn't Know the Words. Dog and the Tramp. Dog und der Lobster. Dot Baby off Mine. Dot Stopporn Pony. Dot Vater Mill. Draw Poker. Drinking Song. Drummer. Dutchman and the Raven. Dyin' Vords of Isaac. Emperor Wang. Ever So Long Ago. Fast Freight. Fool with the Gun. General John. George Washington. Go Vay, Becky Miller. Granger and the Gambler. Green Mountain Justice. Hans Visit to der "Garden." Hear Her Raving Now. Heathen Chinee. He Gets Dhere Shust der Same. Her Easy Chair. He Sleeps in the Valley To-night. He Worried About It. His Love. Home Attractions. How Columbus Found America. How Ruby Played. How to Get Rich. How to Go Out in New York. How We Tried to Whip the Teacher. In the Dark. Irish Philosopher. It's Very Like It. John Sullivan, My Jo. Katrina's Visit to New York. Kelly's Dream. Lecture on Demperance. Leedle Yawcob Strauss. Liberty Enlightens the World. Mahoney's Fenian Cat. Man with a Broken Shoestring. Mary's Lamb on a New Principle. Ma's Baby. Maud Muller in Dutch. McCracken's Brindle Pup. McGinty's Horse. McGinty's Soliloquy. McGonigle's Game Dog. Milestone. Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question. Modern Belle. Modern Magazine Poem. Montgomery Guards of Boshton. Mr. Billings of Louisville. Mr. Murphy's Will. Mulcahey's Sooner Dog. Mule Stood on the Steamboat Deck. Mulhaley on Baseball. Naughty Little Girl. Negro to His Dog. Night After Christmas. Nobody's Mule. Office Seeker. O'Grady's Goat. Only a Pin. O'Reilly's Billy Goat. Our Minister's Sermon. Owl Critic. Pat's Mistake. Pat's Reason. Patter of der Shingle. Persistency. Polyglot. Red-headed Girl. Religious Card Player. Removal. Romance of a Hammock, The. Romeo and Juliet. Round the Stove. Rural Musings. Sad Fate of a Policeman, The. Schlosser's Ride. Schneider's Boy. Schneider's Ride. Schoolgirl's Letter. Shpider und der Fly. Smack in School, The. Sneezing. Somebody's Dog. Son's Wish, The. Specially Jim. Sterling's Dream. Story of a New Hat. Strauss's Boedry. Sullivana vs Sylvio Sylvesto. That Beautiful Snow (Parody). True Tale of William Tell. 'Twas Not a Dream. Und dher Vorld Shmiles Mit You. Visit to Barnum's. Waiter's Vision. Way It is Said. What I Would Do for Her. What Water Will Do. When McGee's Nine Played the Mets. Willage Plackschmidt. Witness. Yacob's Dribulations. Yuba Dam.

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DELANEY'S RECITATIONS No. 3.

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A choice selection of popular standard recitations compiled by WILLIE WILDWAVE.

CONTENTS—At the Theatre. Baltimore Belle. Banty Tim. Baron's Last Banquet. Battle of Fontenoy. Biography. Blue and the Gray. Burial of the Dane. Calibre Fifty-four. Catiline's Harangue to His Army. Charles XII. Civil War. Damon to the Syracusans. Days Gone By. Deathbed. Deathbed of Benedict Arnold. Death of Gaudentis. Did as His Mother Bade Him. Doorstep. Downfall of Poland. Drafted. Dream of Eugene Aram. Driving Home the Cows. Dying Brigand. Dying Californian. Dying Gladiator. Face in the Moonlight. Fireman. From India. Futility of Fame. Galley Slave. Gladiator. Gladness. Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death. Hand that Rocks the World. Heroes of Greece. Hornet's Nest. How He Saved St. Michael's How the Gates Came Ajar. Hunchbacked Singer. I Must be There on New Year's Day. In a Cellar in Soho. In Arcady. Inquiry. In the Shipka Pass. Irish Brigade at Fontenoy. Joe. John Maynard. Last Look. Last Man. Lenore. Life. Little Barefoot. Lone Grave. Look Aloft. Lorraine. MacKenna's Dream. Main Truck, or a Leap for Life. Man was Made to Mourn. Maud Muller. May Queen. Minstrel's Curse. Mona's Waters. Neglected Child. New Church Organ. Nineteen Hundred Ninety-eight. No Sect in Heaven. No Telephone in Heaven. Old-time Circus Clown. Old Wanderer. One Glass More. One in Blue and One in Gray. One Touch of Nature. On the Rappahannock. Over the River. Pauper's Christmas Eve. Persevere. Plea for the Boxer. Please Don't Sell My Father Rum. Rainbow. Red Riding Hood. Relief of Lucknow. Ring Out, Wild Bells. Roger. Roll Call. Rory of the Hill. Rule of Contrary. Sad Changes in Twelve Months. Scandal. Scott and the Veteran. Seminole's Reply. Shanghigh Dan. Ship of State. Shylock to Antonio. Siege of Athlone. Signboard. Simple Church. Sister and I. Soliloquy of King Richard III. Story of Ninety-eight. Story of the Faithful Soul. The. Story of the Tramp. Stowaway. Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet. Three Prayers. Two Glasses. Two Women. Uncle. Unknown Dead. Village Blacksmith. When the Lamp is Shattered. Where Man Should Die. Which Shall It Be? Wolf at the Door. Yellow-haired Nellie. Young Tramp.

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DELANEY'S RECITATIONS No. 4.

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A choice selection of popular comic recitations compiled by WILLIE WILDWAVE,

CONTENTS—Abroad Without Leave. Ad Infinitum. All for a Nomination. Apology to O'Reilly. At the Opera. Aunt Sophronia Tabor at the Opera. Bachelor's Hall. Bachelor's Soliloquy. Baggage Fiend. Before the Ball. Bicycle and the Pup. Biking Episode. Bravest of the Brave. Brown's Mistake. Burglar and the Editor. Candy Pull. Cause to Kick. Chap that's Been Over to Lunnon. Christening. Clink of the Ice. Coming Out of Kitty. Confession. Cop's Lament. Country Store. Curious Poem. Devil and the Lawyers. Disappointments. Don't Be Tazing Me. Dying Umpire. Easy Remedy. Evening Idyl. Evolution of a Statesman. Excelsiore Umpire. Faithful Lovers. Fallen. Farewell. Father Molloy. Foiled. Forbidden Sweets. Freaks of Typography. Fulfilled Prophecy. Getting Right Up. Geographical Poem. Goliath and David. Guilty, of Course. Hamlet to His Mother. He Led His Class. He Never Told a Lie. Her Little Valise. Her Lovers. High Private. His Guileless Look. How Mickey Got Kilt in the War. How to Cure a Cough. Hustler Joe. Irishman's Letter. Isle of Boredom. It's Ever So Far Away. I Wonder What They'll Do Next? Jacob Rand's Fame. Jester's Sermon. Jolly Fat Friar. Kissing in the Street. Laissez Faire. Larry's On the Force. Learned Negro. Lightning-rod Dispenser. Little Pat and the Parson. Little Things Tell. Locked Out. Madman and the Razor. Man of Nerve. Marc Antony's Original Oration. McCloskey's One-eyed Goat. Merchant and the Book Agent. Miller and the Maid. Mine Jakey. Miss Edith Helps Things Along. Miss Maloney Goes to the Dentist. Mistress O'Rafferty on the Woman Question. Modest Wit. Move On. My First Cigar. New Lochinvar. New Year's Resolution. Nobody. Oak und der Vine. Old-fashioned Ball Club. Old Grandley. Old Maid's Prayer. One of the Pack. Othello. Paddy and His Pig. Parody On the Tramp. Parson Snow's Hint. Parting Lovers. Pathetic Old Man. Pat's Remarks on Cleopathria's Needle. Pilkin's Landlady. Poor Mr. McGann. Pop. Pugilists Who Met. Puzzled Census-taker. Puzzled Dutchman. Queen of Pies. Quit Your Foolin'. Railroad Crossing. Reason. Rory's Kissing School. Rustic Maid. Sambo Washington's Vindication. Sella de Banan. Shacob's Lament. Shelling Peas. Similar Case. Since Casey Slugged the Ball. Sin of Omission. Some Simple Says. Spectre Muleteer. Steward of the Singapore. Story of Deacon Brown. Story of the Little Rid Hin. St. Peter and the Mining Man. Supposing. Suspicious Man. Terror. That Gentleman from Boston Town. That Vicious Old Bucket. They Died Too Soon. Three Wishes. Trouble in the Choir. True to Brother Spear. Truth in Parenthesis. Two Bootblacks. Typewriter and Typewriter. Uncle Ike's Roosters. Unmade Hay. Vassar College Tragedy. Voting for School Committee. Walk. Warned in a Dream. Welsh Classic. What Biddy Said in the Police Court. What's the Matter with English? When Greek Meets Greek. When the Baby Has a Cold. Whistler. Why Hank Was Not Hanged. Why the Mule Escaped. Wicked Dog. Wickedest Man in Memphis. Widder Green's Last Words. Wife's Strategy. Wives of Weinsberg. Woman's Wiles. Yarn of the Nancy Bell.

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William W. Delaney,
117 Park Row, New York.

Meet Me in Rosetime, Rosie.

Words by William Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz.

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Rosie, get wise, gaze in my eyes.
Can't you see the lovelight gleaming?
I want but you, you know that's true.
Day and night of you, my love, I'm dreaming.
And when the fragrant roses are in bloom
I'll take you, dearie, on our honeymoon.

CHORUS.

Meet me in rosetime, Rosie, meet me in rosetime, Rose.
True love is always cozy, each little rosebud knows;
Don't keep me waiting, Rosie, put on your wedding clothes.
Meet me in rosetime, dear sweet propose time.
Meet me in rosetime, Rose.

Hearts that are true, you'll find but few.
We can live on love and kisses;
Think of the fun when we are one.
I'll be Mister and you will be Missus.
For rosetime only comes just once a year.
Now don't forget to meet me, Rosie dear.

Make a Noise Like a Hoop and Roll Away.

Words by Ren Shields Music by J. Fred Helf.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Little Bertie McClore madly loved Mildred Moore,
But one thing that gave him a pang.
Was wherever she'd walk and whenever she'd talk,
Why, she'd use the worst kind of slang.
But when Bertie, quite bold, would lecture and scold,
She'd say to him when he got through:
If you think I'm too tough, and you don't like my stuff,
Why, you know just what you can do:

CHORUS.

Make a noise like a hoop and just roll away, roll away, roll away.
Won't you please loop the loop and just stroll away, kiddo, just skidoo
Fade away like the sun on a cloudy day, rowdy day dowdy day.
If my slang is too thick, get a drum, beat it quick, and just roll, roll away.

Bertie tried all his might to get her to talk right,
But he couldn't make her obey;
Till the poor silly gawk, just from hearing her talk,
Caught her slang, now he talks that way.
Now one day Mildred said shortly after they wed:
Please buy me a hat, honey dear.
Now be good, Bertie, do and buy mamma one, too.
Then he yelled so mother could hear:

Rose Marie.

Words by Ed Gardenier. Music by E. Di Capua.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

I feel-a ver-a funna, no more can-a make da monna,
I look-a for a gal-a sweet as honna ev'ra place-a dat I go;
I leave da home in sunny Sicily to look-a for my dark-eyed Rose Marie
She's some place in de big-a city, won't you have a little pity for me,
Rose Marie.

REFRAIN.

Rose Marie com-a to me and make for me prosperity.
I feel-a so sad-a all to de bad-a I go-a;
All night I weep-a, I can no sleep-a because I love you so.
Come to me, come to me, Rose Marie.

I'm in de ver-a bad-a posish-a just-a like de sick codfish-a,
I lose-a all de spunk and da ambish-a because I get-a dissapoint;
I look through all da little Italy, and all I get-a is-a sympathy,
They say I get-a de insanity if I find I never lose again my Rose Marie

Wop, Wop, Wop.

Words and Music by James Brockman.

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When first I come to dees-a countiree all people call me Dago man,
And you can bet dot was no fun to me, I feel joust like the empty ba-nan';
Den dey change and call me Guinie, twice as bad-a name dey gimme,
I say please make-a drop, I beg-a dem to stop, now dey call me Wop!

CHORUS.

Wop, Wop, Wop, I wonder why dey call-a me Wop,
It's a one-a big-a shame, dey call me nick-a name:
Dey shout-a Tony, you're a phoney, look-a like-a macraoni.
Wop! Wop! Wop! I wish a cop would make-a dem stop.
First dey call-a me a Dago, den Guinie, Guinie, Guinie.
Now it's Wop! Wop! Wop!

I got lovesick with nice-a blond-a girl, she make me feel-a much-a blue
She's got big mattress and blond-a curl, she walk joust like a big kan-garoo:
She's a-broke my heart in three place 'cause no more I see her sweet face.
She give-a me de flop, my companie she drop 'cause dey call me Wop!

Don't Take Me Home.

Words by Vincent Bryan. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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Augustus J. McCann is a hen-pecked married man,
He's been a-fighting with his wife since his married life began;
One night at half-past three, while out upon a spree,
A motor knocked him down and out, and it nearly broke his knee.
The chauffeur raised Mac's head, he said: This man is dead!
But when he said: We'll take him home! McCann jumped up and said:

CHORUS.

Don't take me home, please don't take me home,
Tell me what did I do to you, oo oo oo oo oo? have a little pity.
I'm a poor married man, in search of peace I roam,
I'm with you in anything you do, but don't take me home.

McCann made such a fight that they locked him up that night.
Next day he got six months in jail and he said: Now I'm in right.
In jail there was no strife, he never saw his wife,
He said that he'd be happy if he could stay there all his life.
But after half a year they said: Get out of here!
The jailer said: We'll take you home. But Mac yelled out in fear:

McCann became so sore that he ran off to the war.
That war was like vacation time after all he'd fought before:
He always led the fray, but he was shot one day.
His comrades saw he couldn't walk and they carried him away.
Upon his cot he fell, the doctor said: Well, well,
We'll send this man home to his wife. Then Mac began to yell:

My Brudda Sylvest.

Words by Jesse Lasky. Music by Fred Fischer.

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Oh, you heard about the great-a strong-a man,
Oh, the great-a big-a John-a Sullivan;
Oh, you heard about the Jeffries-a fight,
He's-a strong all right, he whip-a fifty men in one-a night,
But I got a brudda got the bunch-a beat,
Got a chest-a measure forty-sev'n-a feet,
Got a peanut stand on Mulberry Street,
He's a tough-a man to beat.

CHORUS.

My great big brudda Sylvest take-a great-a big-a ship on the chest,
Kill-a fifty thousand Indians out West, he no take-a no rest;
He got-a one strong-a grip, with-a one-a punch he sink-a da ship,
Oh, it take-a whole-a army to whip my brudda Sylvest.

Up-a town there was a fire-a last-a week,
P'lice-a-man-a call-a fire-a engine quick;
Fire-a engine make-a root-toot-ie-toot,
The fire out to put-a ev'rybody tried, nobody could,
Oh Sylvest-a he then come along and shout,
I will show you just-a how to go-a bout,
Oh, he swell his chest-a big an-a stout,
And he blow the fire out.

Oh, my brudda work-a on da steam-a boat,
Down the East-a River one-a day he float
Underneath the Brooklyn Bridge so tall, somebody call:
Hey, look-a look da bridge he gone-a fall!
But Sylvest-a say: Cheer up, nobody die!
And he push-a push da bridge away up high,
And he hold him up like forty horse,
And fifty thousand people walk across.

Oh, Sylvest-a engineer, the B & O,
Run a train from Baltimore to Buffalo;
When he see a baby on the track, he tried to check
The engine, he no can-a push him back,
He get mad and grab a telegraph-a pole,
Wreck da train and push-a push him in da hole,
Saved the little baby just the same,
But kill all the passengers on da train.

Oh, my brudda he was in the Spanish War,
And he make-a fight upon the Cuban shore:
Oh, the bullets flattened on his head, the soldier said,
But nobody could kill Sylvest-a dead,
Oh he smash a Moro Castle with his fist,
With-a one-a lick and never hurt his wrist;
Take-a Spaniard, throw him in the sea,
Drown four hundred twenty-three.

Oh, the Ring-a-ling-a circus gave a show,
Ev'rybody in the whole-a town he go;
Oh, the lion, big-a one broke out,
Without a doubt, he'd kill-a ev'rybody in the crowd,
But Sylvest-a say no make a monkey biz,
He just take the lion tail and swing like this,
Then he put his hand right in his mouth,
And he turn him inside out.

Oh, Sylvest-a throw-a ball three thousand feet,
He's-a got da great-a Mike-a Donlin beat,
If the Giants say they need-a help, put them on the shelf,
Sylvest-a play the League-a by himself.
Last-a week the bat-a slip-a from the hand,
Smash the umpire in the back, and beat the band,
Then he bounce-a off-a stone in the sand,
Break da whole-a grand-a stand.

Oh, Sylvest-a down the mine he dig-a coal,
And he make-a one-a great-a big-a hole;
Hundred thousand ton of coal he break, the earth he shake,
A hole from here to Italy he make.
When the boss he say: You go too far, Valjo!
Then Sylvest-a say: I know just where I go,
Oh, the bottom of the mine it-a fell,
And Sylvest-a went to- ——

DEAR LOUISE

Written & Composed by RAYMON HOOBE
Composer of "When the Bloom is on the Clover"
Oh! do you still remember dear Louise, When
we together played beneath the trees, That cast
changing shadows o'er The old red school-house door, Where
boy and girl we learn'd our A, B, C, Those were happy days for you and me, Lou-
Catching butterflies & chased by bees,
And do you recall the day When
said in boyish way, I would love you yes always, my dear Louise.
CHORUS.
Dear Louise, dear Louise, The summer breeze, the summer breeze, My
honey whispers to the waving trees, I love you so, I love you so, Wherever you
My heart will follow you my dear Louise.

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Darling Sue.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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It was twilight when we parted, darling Sue,
In that old New England village far away;
And I left you broken hearte, darling Sue,
In the gloaming all alone that summer day.
I could see the teadrops fill your eyes of blue,
As I turned away and said good-by to you,
As you waved a last farewell, from the hilltop I could tell
You were weeping for me, too, my darling Sue.

CHORUS.

Darling Sue, how I miss you, long to kiss you,
Darling Sue, I'm so lonely for you only;
When the stars are shining then my heart is pining
All for you, my darling Sue.

Oft I'm dreaming in the gloaming, darling Sue,
Of the meadow where together we would stray;
And in fancy we are roaming, darling Sue,
Through the valley at the twilight time of day.
I can hear the murmur of the brooklet, too,
As I kiss you, dear, just like I used to do;
And a sweet voice seems to say we will meet again some day,
Then I wake and sigh for you, my darling Sue.

Irish Blue Eyes.

Words and Music by Barney Gilmore.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Two pretty eyes of Irish blue have stole my heart away,
Two eyes that gleam like morning dew, two eyes that seem to say:
Believe me, sweetheart, I love you and always will be true,
I answer: Dear, I love you, too, my Irish eyes of blue.

CHORUS.

Irish blue eyes watching for me,
Irish blue eyes, I long to see;
Irish blue eyes, blue as the skies,
Sure, I love my Irish blue eyes.

When first I met your eyes of blue I had no thought of care,
But since that time my love for you is far beyond compare;
In dreams I see a face serene and hair of golden hue,
Two pretty lips with teeth of pearl and two Irish eyes of blue.

Why Don't You Answer, Dearie?

Words by Arthur Gillespie. Music by Kendis & Paley.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

She was standing in the gloaming,
The quiet gloaming of eventide,
He had gone afar off roaming
Across the waters so blue and wide.
Silently she was regretting
Because she'd promised that they would wed,
Could it be this lover was forgetting?
Thus to herself the maiden said:

CHORUS.

Why don't you answer, dearie, just a line or two
Would ease my heart so weary, longing for you;
I feel so lone and dreary, your sweet face to see,
Why don't you answer, dearie, why don't you write to me?

Then she plucked a little flower,
A sweet and fragrant forget-me-not;
As a youth stole 'neath the bower,
And stood there smiling right on the spot.
Quickly then he came and kissed her,
With arms around her they strolled away,
As he told her just how much he missed her,
And nevermore she'd have to say:

Uncle's Quit Work, Too.

Words and Music by Jean C. Havez.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

It's awful news I have to tell about my uncle Bob,
In days gone by at eight o'clock you'd find him on the job;
But he came walking in one night and said: At last I'm free,
I'll just sit down by father here, it's no more work for me!

CHORUS.

Ever since he heard about father, uncle's quit work, too,
Goes out ev'ry evening, comes back with a stew;
Never seems to worry, he's happy as a king,
He sits around the house with about a half a souse,
And he never does a dog-gone thing.

They get the morning papers when they come down stairs each day,
And then they take the scissors and they start to cut away;
The clippings they're so anxious to cut out I'd like to state
Is the column called Help Wanted, and they burned it in the grate.

Take Your Time.

Words by Harrison Stewart. Music by Joe Jordan.

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I don't believe in rushing thro' this world at no time,
I may be somewhat foolish, but that is a rule of mine:
When folks rush up to you and say what they want you to do,
Just think it over before you speak 'cause it may mean trouble for you

CHORUS.

Take your time, friend of mine, take your time, your own time,
That's the best way to do, you will find;
Never let your best friend rush you to trouble's end,
Take your time, friend of mine, take your time.

Familiarity breeds contempt is what people say,
I got acquainted with a girl the day 'fore yesterday;
She said I was the finest man that she ever had seen,
But when she talked about marrying, right then and there I scream'd

CHORUS.

Take your time, friend of mine, take your time, your own time,
That's the best way to do you will find;
When you take you a wife it's the same as jail for life,
Take your time, single man, take your time.

A friend of mine dropped in one day, as I sat down to dine,
I said, Sit down and have a bite, you are a pal of mine!
He said he wasn't hungry, but before he got through
I had to say: Hold on, old pal, this meal wa'n't cooked for you!

CHORUS.

Take your time, not so fast take your time, you won't last,
For your appetite cert'nly is fine;
Every time your lip drops, then you grab for some chops,
Take your time, this one's mine, take your time.

That's Where Friendship Ends.

Words by R. C. McPherson (Cecil Mack). Music by Chris Smith.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Jim Saunders had a bosom friend named Jefferson Lee,
A lady came between them, now they can't agree;
'Cause Jeff who had a little gal he idolized,
Caught Jim one night a-making goo-goo's at his prize.
Jeff said to Jim, his friend: Well, I'll be blamed and cussed,
Well, you've the limit, from this night our friendship bust;
My lady love's affections you've been tryin' to win,
And if you call that friendship, 'scuse me, Jim.

CHORUS.

'Cause when I find a friend who is a friend,
'Taint nothing that I wouldn't do;
To show to them that I'm a friend
Who's on the level through and through.
Yes, the clothes I wear I'll even share,
Ev'ry dollar that I've got I'll lend;
But please don't monkey in my love affairs,
'Cause that's where friendship ends.

I told you, Jim, when first I said I'd be your pal,
Two things of mine don't touch—my money and my gal;
'Fore I could walk around the block and back again
You'd make 'bout ten engagements with my lady friend.
You didn't think I knowed it, but your girl, Miss White,
She told me all about it when I called last night;
If you've been calling on my gal, said Jim to Jeff,
You'd better 'ply dem bylaws to yo'se'f.

Just an Old Friend of the Family.

Words by R. C. McPherson (Cecil Mack). Music by Chris Smith.

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The whole blame town is upside down,
Some more old scandal's going 'round;
'Cause old Bill Blue is about to sue
His Dinah for divorce.
Now Dinah went to a ball one night,
And didn't get home till braad daylight,
But Dinah claims she had the right
For to kiss her friend, of course,
Bill heard the smack, reached for his gun,
And right down stairs he came;
But he begged the gentleman's pardon
When his Dinah did explain.

CHORUS.

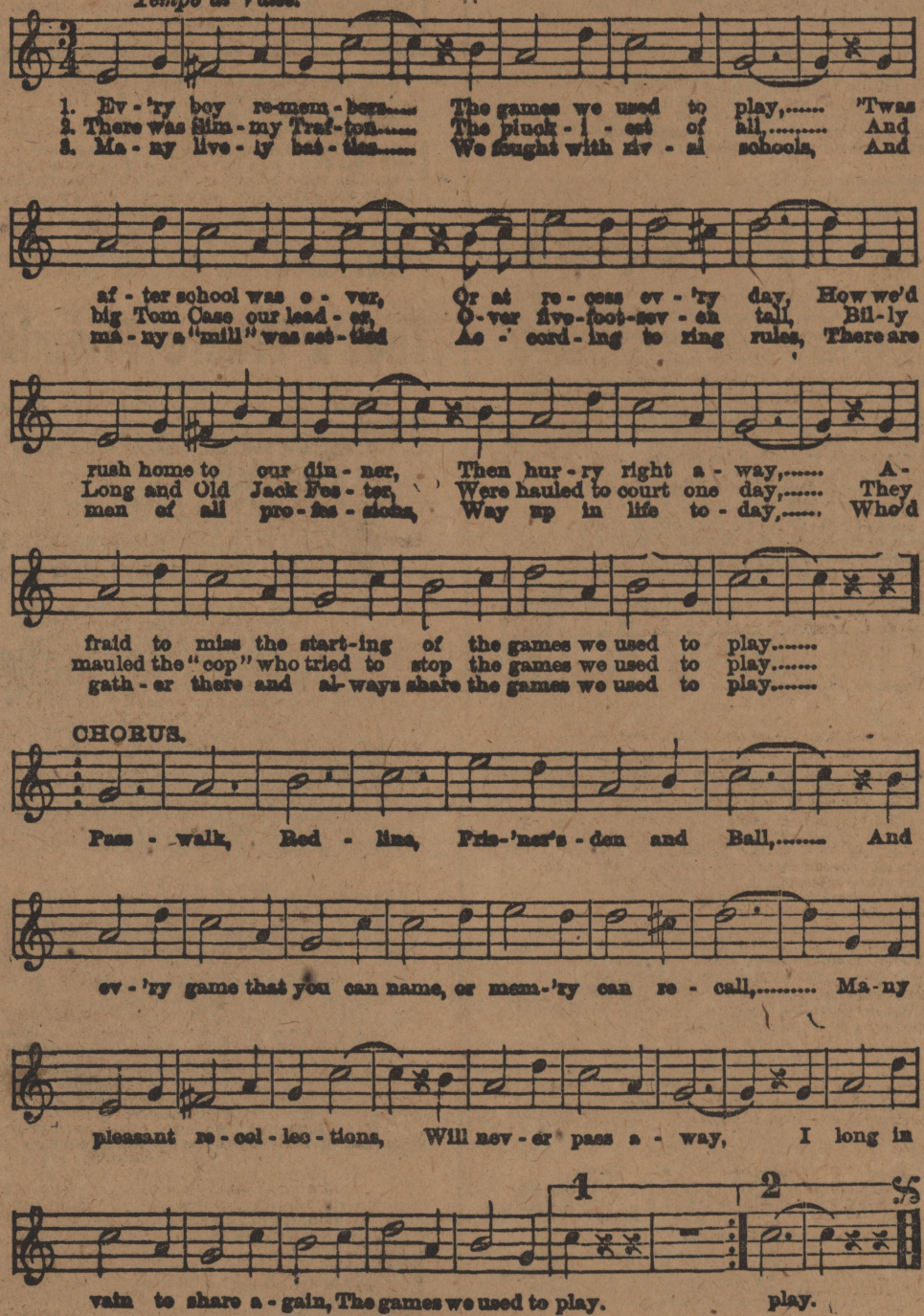
He's just an old friend of the family, and a mighty good friend at that!
Now why can't a friend of the family drop in for a social chat?
Man, you just can't imagine what a friend he's been,
Tho' he ain't no kin to me, don't try to make something out of nothing
Shucks, he's just a friend of the family.

Bill called the fam'ly friend aside,
Said: I don't want to hurt your pride,
But the further 'way from her you stay,
The better friends we'll be.
Then Dinah spoke up good and strong,
Said she: I don't see where it's wrong
To kiss a friend who's been a friend,
Like this friend's been to me.
'Tis a long sad story,
Bill, of that you must agree,
He was mother's second husband,
And a father once to me.

Games We Used to Play.

Words by EDW. MARER. Music by JOS. W. STERN.

Tempo di Valse.


1. Ev - 'ry boy re-mem - bers..... The games we used to play,..... 'Twas
2. There was Slim - my Traf - ton..... The pluck - i - est of all,..... And
3. Ma - ny live - ly bat - tles..... We fought with riv - al schools, And
af - ter school was o - ver, Or at re - cess ev - 'ry day, How we'd
big Tom Case our lead - er, O - ver five-foot-sev - en tall, Bil - ly
ma - ny a "mill" was set - tled Ac - cord - ing to ring rules, There are
rush home to our din - ner, Then hur - ry right a - way,..... A -
Long and Old Jack Fos - ter, Were hauled to court one day,..... They
men of all pro - fes - sions, Way up in life to - day,..... Who'd
fraid to miss the start-ing of the games we used to play.....
mauled the "cop" who tried to stop the games we used to play.....
gath - er there and al-ways share the games we used to play.....
CHORUS.
Pass - walk, Red - line, Pris-'ner's - den and Ball,..... And
ev - 'ry game that you can name, or mem-'ry can re - call,..... Ma - ny
pleasant re - col - lec - tions, Will nev - er pass a - way, I long in
1
2
vain to share a - gain, The games we used to play. play.

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NOTICE.—If you need the complete sheet music of this Song, send 40 cents in stamps to JOS. W. STERN & CO., 45 East 20th St., New York.

You Are My Firebug

Words and Music by Cobb & Edwards.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Becky and Izzy were singing one day
Love songs together when Izzy said: Say,
Such pretty names in the songs I can see,
Sweet honeysuckle and nice bumble bee,
Why don't you make me a nice name like that,
And call it to me when I call at your flat.
Said Becky: That is a good game,
I'll make for you a nice name.

CHORUS.

You are my firebug, that's a pretty name,
You shall come and spark with me and set my heart in flame:
If I strike it lucky and make a fortune snug,
I'll be a match for you, my firebug.

Said Izzy: My future will surely be bright,
If you'll be my match you will make my heart light:
I'll scratch till I strike it big one of these days,
And his burning heart made his eyes with love blaze.
When Becky's father from upstairs gave a shout:
Tell that young fellow it's time to light out!
Said Izzy: I guess I will blow,
Said Becky: Although you must go:

Bunker Hill.

Words by Sam Ehrlich. Music by Albert Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

I stood one night, in the pale moonlight, beside old Bunker Hill,
Where the battle cry of the days gone by holds in our mem'ries still;
It was there one morn that our flag was born 'mid the battle's smoke so dense,
We were united on that spot and we've been united since.

CHORUS.

Bunker Hill, old Bunker Hill, in hist'ry oft they tell,
About the vict'ries by your side where so many heroes fell,
The drum and fife were sounded loud, at night when all was still,
They played My Country 'Tis of Thee, beside old Bunker Hill.

By rippling stream in the campfire's gleam, old Bunker Hill by you,
It was give and take, all for freedom's sake, and independence, too,
It was Washington who did lead them on, he's our country's father still
He made the name of U. S. A. beside dear old Bunker Hill.

My Little Irish Canary.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Will Marion Cook.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any other two songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Heard Patti sing? she's the real thing, she's aces high with her voice
But there is one sings just for fun, she is the girl of my choice:
My Mary Ann, warble she can, beat all the Pattis you've heard,
Songs I adore, songs by Tom Moore she bubbles forth like a bird.

CHORUS.

My little Irish canary, Mary Ann,
Sings in a voice light and airy, Mary Ann:
Talk of high C and G sharp and all that,
When I get the price she will sing in a flat,
My little Irish canary, Mary Ann.

Dear Irish tunes softly she croons, no German opera for her,
Wearing the Green, My Sweet Colleen, these are the songs I prefer:
And when I'm sad she makes me glad singing Killarney to me,
Songs of my birth, dearest on earth, Erin, the gem of the sea.

Will You Dance with a Friend of Mine?

Words by Tom Breen. Music by J. B. Mullen.

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Did you ever go out with your sweetheart
To a picnic, a party or dance?
They may say two is company, but when you call
There's a friend of hers there by chance,
Of course you can dance with but one girl,
And just as the band starts to play:
You look round the place and you then spy the face
Of a pal and to him you will say:

CHORUS.

Will you dance with a friend of mine? she is quite anxious to meet you
She can polka and two-step fine, and with a smile she will greet you:
She's a friend of a friend of mine, I want her to have a good time,
She's a nice young gal, you'll oblige, old pal, will you dance with a friend of mine?

They say true love always begins funny,
And your pal may be thankful for that:
For the next time you meet him he'll say: I've good news!
And he'll tell you that he's got her pat.
You'll soon get a nice invitation,
The wedding bells sweetly will play:
He'll say: Shake, old pal, you bet she's a nice gal,
We have loved since I first heard you say:

If I Only Had the Nerve.

Words and Music by Vincent Bryan.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

I want to ask you somethin', Sis, but I can't make a start,
Begus I feel afraid you might get sore:
I ain't got nerve to tell you jes' what's doin' in me heart,
I never told no other gal before,
Last night I didn't sleep a wink, jes' thinkin' what I'd say,
I had it figured out how you'd agree:
But when I hold your little hand me nerve all goes away,
And then I know that you're too good for me.

CHORUS.

If I had the nerve I'd ask you could you love me,
I wouldn't want to live if you refuse:
I kind o' feel that you're away above me,
An' you're a pal that I don't care to lose.
I'm satisfied to only have you near me,
To win you out is more than I deserve:
But I'd take you in my arms and call you dearie,
And I'd kiss you if I only had the nerve.

Don't look away, I heard you sigh, you don't like me no more,
I didn't mean no harm, so don't you cry:
Let us be pals, jes' you and I, the way we wus before,
Cheer up and wipe the teardrops from your eye.
You're smiling now, you see the joke, I want to marry you,
I thought you'd laugh, but then you're not to blame.
You're crying foist and then you smile, I don't know what to do,
I tell you what, you got me guessin,' Mame.

Fly Away, Birdie, to Heaven.

Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

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Two sweet little children, one six and one seven, were feeding their birdie one day,
Their little hearts yearned for their mamma who'd gone to that heavenly home far away.
Now let's write a letter and tie it, they said, to birdie and send her up high,
And when mamma reads it she'll surely come home, so, birdie, to heaven please fly.

CHORUS.

Fly away, birdie, to heaven
Find our dear mamma there,
Tell her that we are so lonely,
Papa is sighing and baby is crying,
And tell her to-morrow's my birthday.
She will know that I'm seven,
Tell her to come to our party,
So give her this message in heaven.

Two small curly heads lying close side by side, two little forms closely entwined,
Dreamed of their mother, who watched from above, their sweet little faces all smiles.
They dreamed they saw birdie give mamma the note, and heard her say: I will be there,
My spirit it is watching you both day by day, I'm with you, dear hearts, ev'rywhere.

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

Words by Wm. Cahill. Music by Benj. H. Burt.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

I never will forget the words that father said to me,
When I was but a little tot and sat upon his knee:
Successful men you'll find, my son, have always lots of dough,
Then father used to sing to me and prove that it was so.

CHORUS.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do!
That's what father used to teach me many years ago:
Dough means money, ain't it funny, ev'ry where we go,
It's do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do!

I thought I'd take my dad's advice, and so I started in
By putting fifty dollars on a horse they said would win:
The horse run half-way round the track and then refused to go,
The fastest thing that went that day was fifty of my dough.

Three girls were once debating on the kind of man they'd wed,
I'd like a man who stays at home, the first one quickly said,
The second said she'd like a man whose love he'd always show,
The third one said: Oh, twenty-three, give me the man with dough!

You've heard of Rip Van Winkle, who at sleeping was immense,
But some of our officials make him look like thirty cents:
They've got the Pullman sleepers beat about a mile or so,
The only time they wake up is when some one hollers dough!

If Noah Webster came on earth, I wonder what he'd say
To see the way that Teddy wants to make us spell to-day:
Although he's tried to change a few, there's one word he let go,
It makes no diff'rence how it's spelled, and that one word is dough!

It's tough to think of all the coin that Rockefeller's worth,
But still he isn't satisfied, he wants to own the earth:
But he will get no rain check when he dies and goes below,
'Twill be so warm his wig will melt and so will all his dough!

I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave.

Words and Music by Cobb & Edwards.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

In the northeast corner of my face,
And the northwest corner of the self same place:
Two bad brown eyes, things do and see
That never are done by the rest of me.

CHORUS.

For I just can't make my eyes behave,
Two bad brown eyes, I am their slave:
My lips may say run away from me,
But my eyes say come and play with me.
And you won't blame poor little me, I'm sure,
Cuz I just can't make my eyes behave.

In the morning I a-shopping go,
At each clerk I look and murmur soft and low:
I'll take this, please, send it C. O. D.
But it always comes home marked—Paid—to me.

There's Not Gold Enough to Buy Him.

Words by Alfred Bryan. Music by Kendis & Paley.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Mother is weeping, baby is sad,
They have come now to take him away;
He'll have a drum and a big hobby horse,
Said the man, in my mansion so gay!
Two tear-dimmed eyes into hers sadly shine,
Do not leave me, mama! he cries;
Then two loving arms around him entwine,
As she kisses her boy and sighs:

CHORUS.

There's not gold enough to buy him, each lock of his shiny hair
Is worth more to me than all this world of jewels so rich and rare:
Each glance from his blue eyes winning is brightest sunshine to me,
He's heart of my heart, with him I'll ne'er part,
He's better than gold to me!

Heart broken, weary, mother now lies,
Do not worry, mama! hear him say!
I'll sell my papers and take care of you!
Then he puts all his playthings away.
Brave little hero, thro' cold rain and snow,
Buy my papers! he loudly cries;
Then homeward he runs, how her sad eyes glow,
As she kisses her boy and sighs:

A Little Lunch for Two.

Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Albert Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

A shady nook, and if you look, a love-sick pair in sight,
A dainty lunch is waiting there, but they've no appetite:
He takes her hands, she understands, for love alone they care,
By-and-by hear him sigh: Let us try love's bill of fare!

CHORUS.

First we'll order just a few kisses,
A tender glance to tell of love's blisses,
And if you wish a dainty dish, a fond caress will do:
Then the lovelight in your eyes shining,
It seems so sweet when fond lovers meet,
Then a heart that is true I will order for you
At a little lunch for two.

The flow'rs have heard each loving word as thro' the dell they roam,
The bright stars sigh: Oh me! oh my! why don't those two go home?
Then says the moon: They sing a tune that makes the sad world gay!
With a kiss, boy says this: We will lunch here ev'ry day!

Home, Sweet Home Sounds Good to Me.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any other two songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Tired of playing one-night stands, tired of hearing minstrel bands,
Jasper Jones lay fast asleep in bed;
Just as he began to snore he heard knocking at the door,
Four o'clock, get up! somebody said.
Forty-seven trunks below, ship them off to Mexico,
We play there to-night, old lazy bones!
Jasper slowly shook his head: Must I leave this nice warm bed?
Then he softly sighed in mournful tones:

CHORUS.

I don't want to go to Mexico, I just want to get some good old dough,
If I ever sees it in my hands you can keep your one-night stands;
And I'll just beat it to the nearest train, bet your life you won't see me again.
Did somebody mention Tennessee? 'cause home, sweet home sounds good to me.

Jasper sitting on a trunk said: This show's an awful bunk,
No one ever seems to have a sou;
Asked the manager one day if he'd let me have my pay,
He said: I was going to touch you!
Mexico along the track, I can see us walking back,
We won't make the price of railroad fare;
Mexico with this old show, Mexico, well I guess no,
Tennessee's a million miles from there!

Ethel Levy's Virginia Song.

Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

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I was born in a Southern State, where all nature's sublime,
In a city where the gals are pretty;
And the sun shines nearly all the time,
Hospitality there you'll find, bright smiles ev'rywhere,
When I look 'roun' and see some other town,
I'm mighty glad I come from there.

CHORUS.

I was born in Virginia, that's the State that will win yer
If you've got a soul in yer;
Ain't no Southern frown in the city of Norfolk,
Home of beauties and war talk,
Reckon you'll like it if you should strike it,
That dog-garn town.

Something nice about Southerners you don't find ev'rywhere,
Never con yer, but they smile upon yer,
And they make you happy while you're there,
Old Kentucky and Tennessee they can certainly go some,
Travel far and wide, still I'm satisfied,
To settle in the State I'm from.

The Banquet in Misery Hall.

Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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The scene is a banquet where beauty and wealth
Have gathered in splendid array;
But silent and sad is a fair woman there
Whose young heart is pining away.
A card is brought to her, she reads there a name
Of one that she loved long ago;
Then sadly she whispers: Just say I'm not here,
For my story he never must know.

REFRAIN.

That night at the banquet in Misery Hall,
She reigned like a queen on a throne;
But often the tears filled her beautiful eyes
As she dreamed of the love she had known.
Her thoughts flowed along thro' laughter and song
To the days she could never recall;
And she longed to find rest on her dear mother's breast
At the banquet in Misery Hall.

The time passes quickly and few in the throng
Have noticed the one vacant chair,
Till out of the beautiful garden beyond
A pistol shot rings on the air.
Now see in the moonlight a handsome youth lays,
Too quickly his life doth depart;
While kneeling beside him the woman he'd loved
Finds her picture is close to his heart.

Tammany.

Words by Vincent Bryan. Music by Gus Edwards.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Hiawatha was an Indian, so was Navajo,
Pale-face organ grinders killed them many moons ago;
But there is a band of Indians that will never die,
When they're at the Indian club this is their battle cry:

CHORUS.

Tammany, Tammany,
Big Chief sits in his tepee cheering braves to victory.
Tammany, Tammany, swamp 'em, swamp 'em,
Get the wam-pum, Tammany

On the Island of Manhattan, by the bitter sea,
Lived this tribe of noble red men, tribe of Tammany;
From the totem of the green-light wampum they would bring,
When their big Chief, Man Behind, would pass the pipe and sing:

Pale-face preacher, "Red Light Finder," to Manhattan came,
He was very old, but he played leap-frog just the same;
He said he would run Manhattan like a Sunday School,
Made the village twice as bad as under Tammany rule.

Pale-face band of pirates, called "Reformers," made a fight,
Helped old "Red Light Finder" put the Tamm'ny braves to flight;
Tammany came back and put this pirate band to rout,
Found the village treasure gone, "Reformers" cleaned it out.

"Talking Bill," Chief of the Blue Coats, acted very bad,
Said he was the finest chief the Blue Coats ever had;
Where he got his wad of wampum he would never say,
Tammany caught "Talking Bill" and took his pipe away.

Big Chief, "Standing Pat" of Brooklyn, to Manhattan came,
With Chief, "Man Behind" of Tammany, played a "Freeze-out" game
They found they each held two pair, you all know what that means,
"Man Behind" had deuces, "Standing Pat" had Kings and Queens.

Young Chief, "Breaks-in-where-they-gamble," put his war paint on
Chased "Young-man-who-plays-the-high-card," but young man had gone.
Hired "Sleuth-who-changes face" some evidence to find,
"Sleuth-who-changes-face" swore false, then he changed his mind.

Hannah, Won't You Open that Door?

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Bill's at the door, chilled to the core.
Please, baby Hannah, take me back once more;
Here in the snow I'm shiv'ring so,
My bones are rattling in breezes that blow.
Hannah, be nice, I'm cold as ice,
Why don't you answer me, babe, I've knocked twice;
I'm hungry, too, smells chicken stew,
Hannah, I loves only you.

CHORUS.

Hannah, Hannah, won't you open that door?
Hannah, Hannah, won't you change your manner,
This is old Bill Johnson, don't you love him no more?
And I pleads, 'cause I need
Dat place behind the stove I used to have before,
Hannah, Hannah, won't you open that door?

Let me in, please, honest, I'll freeze,
I'll surely catch the gripp, starting to sneeze;
Please stop that rhyme, gal, it's a crime
Singing that song about old summer time.
Frost bitten feet, nose like a beet,
I'm frozen sure, honey, I want some heat;
I loves you still, I always will,
Open the door, babe, it's Bill.

We Have No One to Care for Us Now.

Words by Wm. Cahill. Music by S. R. Henry.

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The village school was crowded on examination day,
The trustees came to see the children pass;
The teacher felt so proud of all excepting two, she knew,
Who were always at the bottom of the class.
This day they missed as usual, their little hearts were sad,
While all the others seemed to be so gay;
When told no one would love them if they didn't learn at school,
With tearful eyes the teacher heard them say:

CHORUS.

We have no one to care for us now, we have no one to put us to bed,
No one to kiss and caress us at night when ev'ning pray'r is said;
Since our mamma was taken away we don't get along somehow,
That is why we don't pass with the rest of the class,
We have no one to care for us now.

The teacher held the little ones within her fond embrace,
And placed a kiss upon each tender brow;
I'll try to fill your mamma's place from this day on, she said,
Don't say you have no one to love you now.
That night she took them to her home, their little hearts were glad,
Beside her, there they both knelt down to pray;
Then like their mother used to do, she put them both to bed,
And told them that no more they'd have to say:

Holding Hands.

Words by Jack Norworth. Music by Albert Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Sitting in the parlor, nine o'clock at night,
Spooning with the girl you love;
Talk about the weather, then turn down the light,
Ev'rything is quiet up above.
Chairs keep moving closer till at last you find
There's room for both inside the rocking chair;
Heads are close together, girlie doesn't mind,
Rocking to and fro without a care.

CHORUS.

Holding hands, holding hands,
You sigh, she sighs, you sit side by side,
The moon looks on and then he tries to hide;
'Cause you are holding hands.
The clock is striking twelve out in the hall;
All the time you sit there holding hands,
And you don't say nothing at all.

Go to work next morning feeling kind of blue,
All you do is mope and sigh;
Think about your sweetheart, don't know what to do,
Wishing for the time to hurry by.
Call around that evening, meet her at the door,
You both walk in the parlor just the same;
Both sit in the rocker as you did before,
Then commence to play the same old game.

The Tale the Church Bells Tolled.

Words by Harry Williams. Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

The choir was sweetly singing in the church across the way,
The scent of orange blossoms filled the air;
The bells were gaily ringing, 'twas a happy wedding day,
And all the world seemed free from pain or care.
A blushing maiden slender was to be his future mate,
His eyes were warm and tender as he whispered: Darling Kate.
She smiled a smile of gladness for, perhaps, she did not know
Of a promise made and broken long ago.

CHORUS.

While one bell was chiming, its sweet notes were rhyming
A story of joy to impart;
The other was tolling, its sad notes unrolling
The tale of a poor broken heart.
One told of a wedding, the other was spreading
The news of a soul that had flown;
Two choirs were singing, two churchbells were ringing,
And each told a tale of its own.

How often had he wandered with the other far away,
And how her little heart had throbbed with pride;
How often had they pondered o'er a future happy day,
When he would come and claim her for his bride.
How often did he hold her while the light was growing dim,
How often had he told her she was just the girl for him;
And so she watched and waited for his coming o'er the lea
Till the Master called and said: Come unto me.

Be Satisfied with what You Have, Let Well Enough Alone.

Words and Music by Heelan & Helf.

Copyright, 1904, by Sol Bloom. International copyright secured.

Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Alone in his workshop, a young toiler there,
With tools scattered 'round him, sat bowed in despair;
A rich man lives yonder, he plaintively sighed,
His children have plenty, there's no wish denied.
But my little darlings have only to live
For just the few comforts my labor can give;
Why can't they have riches? he cried in dismay,
His wife kind and patient drew closer to say:

CHORUS.

Don't sigh for things that are not yours, don't tell fate what to do,
Don't envy those who seem to be much better off than you;
We'll all be judged by what we've done, and not by what we own,
Be satisfied with what you have, let well enough alone.

Alone in his mansion the millionaire sighs,
My wife wed me only for money! he cries;
Though I give our children the riches of queens,
I can't tell my darlings what mother's love means.
His tears tell the tale of his lonely despair,
How gladly he'd change with the workman down there;
'Twas just at that moment the workman's wife said:
Come, John, kiss the babies, they're going to bed.

Alexander

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Look here, Alexander, I was only fooling
When I said another coon my heart was ruling;
All the day I think of no one else but you,
Honest, Alexander, won't you please believe me?
It would break my heart in two if you should leave me,
Won't you take me back, babe, and I'll always be true.
Never let another man make eyes at me,
I'll be just as sweet as any gal can be;
You can be the boss, I'll let you have your way,
Alexander, won't you let me stay?

CHORUS.

Can't you see the rain and hail am fastly falling, Alexander?
Don't you hear your lady love a-softly calling, Alexander?
Take me to your heart again and call me honey,
All I want is lovin', I don't want your money,
Alexander, tell me, don't you love your baby no more?

Look here, Alexander, say that you remember,
You ain't done a stroke of work since last December,
Who went out a-washin', worked all day for you?
Listen, Alexander you were keepin' cases
While I took in scrubbin' you just played the races,
Say, if that ain't love, babe, no gal ever loved true.
I don't want to talk about the things I've done,
I just want to say that you're ma only one;
I'll put up a washin' sign outside the door,
Alexander, take me back once more.

He's-a My Brud.

Words by Harry Williams. Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

I'm-a feel-a bad, I'm-a good and mad, I'm-a full way up wit' hate.
When dey tell-a me in dis contarie what is all de time-a great:
Mike-a Donalan, he's a fine-a man, he's-a great-a bat de ball,
But for him skidoo, I will tell-a you who's the greatest man of all.

CHORUS.

He's-a my brod yes, he's-a my brod.
He's-a big, he's-a strong like-a Johnniestown flood,
Talk about de Christofer Columbo.
De brod he's-a got him on de bumbo.
He's-a my brod, yes, he's-a my brod,
If he'd slap-a you down you'd-a stick in de mud,
Who told Fitzsim poo poo for him,
He's-a joust-a my brod.

He's-a just-a man dat-a sell banan, but I ask you don't you tink
He's-a got to-day much-a more to say dan-a Abraham-a Link;
He can't go insane, he's no got de brain, but who is it, can you tell,
Has-a got right there much-a more-a hair than-a John D. Rockafell?
In de ring one night when he had a fight wit-a big-a fat Tom Shark
Den I tell de bunch: Watch de brod a-punch, Shark'll light in Bronx Park.
Just-a like a flash came-a big-a smash an' dey say de man is out.
He's-a sleep dot way for-a six-a day where de man I speak about:

Just Across the Bridge of Gold.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Once we were poor, mother darling, cried a sad child one day
Now we are rich but I'm lonely, longing for sister May:
Oft in my dreams I can see her kneeling beside my bed,
Where is she now, mother, tell me? softly her mother said:

REFRAIN.

Just across the bridge of gold where the lights are shining bright,
Just across the bridge of gold there's an aching heart to-night:
For the sake of those she loved all her happiness she sold,
And to-night we will pray for your dear sister May, just across the bridge of gold.

We were so poor, little darling, May always loved us so.
And when he asked her to marry she would not answer no,
Her heart belonged to another, from him she had to part,
For you and me, little darling, your sister broke her heart.

My Virginia.

Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Are you waiting for your lover, what's the use, Virginia dear?
For they say he loves another 'way up North, Virginia dear;
He is false to you, my girlie, and he won't return, don't fear,
Can't you love me just a little, won't you try, Virginia dear.

CHORUS.

My Virginia from Virginia, sweeter than the flow'rs that grow,
I am coming home to wed you, let the folks all know;
Don't you listen to the tales they tell you, don't you weep or sigh,
For I love you, my Virginia, love you till I die.

Are you sighing for your lover! don't you cry, my little dear:
In his arms he holds another, 'tis not you, Virginia dear:
But she proudly says: He's faithful, I can feel his presence near!
Hearts are true in old Virginia, he will find me waiting here.

Miss Killarney.

Words by William Jerome Music by Jean Schwartz.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Barney Carney was a gay gossoon,
Barney Carney sang an old love tune
To Miss Killarney, a buxom Irish maid:
Barney Carney, by the stars above,
Swore that he was head and heels in love
With Miss Killarney, his sweet aroon.
He couldn't sleep, he couldn't think, he couldn't even eat,
The whole day long he sang this song to ev'ry girl he'd meet:

CHORUS.

Sweet Miss Killarney, you're the idol of my heart,
Smile on your Barney and on our honeymoon we'll start;
Change your name to Carney, then how happy we will be,
By Killarney's lakes and dells
I'll settle down for life with Miss Killarney.

Barney Carney won the heart and hand
Of over twenty girls in Paddy's land;
Each Miss Killarney had promises galore,
Barney Carney had a shy blue eye,
Barney Carney was a rogue, oh, my!
He kissed the Blarney stone when a boy,
He couldn't wed them all, of course, so one day sailed away
For other parts, now twenty hearts sing sadly ev'ry day.

My Irish Rosie.

Words by William Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Come out, Rosie, in the bright moonlight,
Come out, Rosie, for to-night's the night:
My sweet aroon, come out and spoon,
Nightbirds cooing in the trees above,
Wait to greet you with their songs of love,
My Rosie, oh, I love you so:
Oh, Rosie dear and did you hear the news that's going round?

REFRAIN.

Rosie, my Rosie, my Irish Rosie, come out, love, and spoon,
Maytime is playtime, come have a gay time under the young May moon
My love is true, dear, I love but you, dear, nobody else will do,
Ev'ry star up in the sky so bright
Seems to tell me that your heart's all right,
My charming Irish Rosie.

Come out, Rosie, on the balcony,
Come out, Rosie, take a peep at me:
My pretty dear look, love, who's here,
What I want to know, well, you can guess,
Come out, Rosie dear, and just say yes,
My sweet colleen, my Irish queen,
Oh, Rosie dear, and did you hear I've bought the wedding ring.

There's Another Picture in My Mamma's Frame.

Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

Copyright, 1907, by Charles K. Harris. British copyright secured.

Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Come, my baby, tell me why you're crying,
Don't you see it pains your papa so?
Ev'ry day for you nice things I'm buying,
And I'd like to see you smile, you know.
Then she said: I know you are the dearest,
And the sweetest papa of them all:
If you love me truly, you will tell me surely,
Who's the lady's picture on the wall?

REFRAIN.

There's another picture in my mamma's frame,
It's some other lady's, her smile is not the same:
My mamma was sweeter, I think it is a shame,
There's another picture in my mamma's frame.

Yes, my darling, it's a pretty lady,
And she's going to be your new mamma:
She'll be good and kind to you, and maybe
You will love her, so 'twill please papa.
But I do not want another mamma,
For I've one in heaven who loves me;
Must you bring another? must I call her mother?
His heart aches as she cries plaintively:

When Bob White is Whistling in the Meadow.

Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any other two songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Katie, dear, I've just receiv'd your pretty post card
Of the dear old home I have not seen for years:
And it brings me back to scenes of happy childhood,
While it thrills my heart and fills my eyes with tears.
In fancy I am roaming once more within the orchard,
Where you dared me, Kate, to climb the highest bough:
And altho' I used to call you Little Tom Boy,
I loved you then, dear, as I love you now.

CHORUS.

When Bob White is whistling in the meadow,
I'll be waiting by the garden gate.
Then we'll ramble, you and I, as we did in days gone by,
When Bob White is whistling in the meadow, Kate.

Katie, dear, I plainly trace the dear old schoolhouse,
And the playground down beside the old brick wall,
Where at noontime I would wait to fondly kiss you,
And to whisper that I loved you best of all.
And now if you'll forgive me I'll tell you, dear, a secret,
You remember when Tom Francis broke your slate,
How you thought I was a hero when I fought him,
That was just a plot to win you, darling Kate.

Rose Leaves

Words and Music by Edward M. Ross.

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When the twilight is softly falling, and the roses scent the air,
In my dreaming I see a vision of thy face so sweet and fair;
At the garden gate we linger in the same dear olden way,
While the roses are brightly gleaming where the moonbeams gently stray.

CHORUS.

Rose leaves, rose leaves, all that are left to me,
Rose leaves, rose leaves, breathing of love and thee;
Rose leaves, rose leaves bring back thy memory,
Rose leaves, rose leaves, all that are left to me.

'Mid the odor of blushing roses I can hear thy words of love,
While the starlight is gleaming o'er us like a smile from heav'n above
Then thy vision fades in silence, from my life thy smile has flown,
While the roses in dreams are sighing and my heart is sad and lone.

Mother Hasn't Spoke to Father Since.

Words by William Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz.

Copyright, 1908, by Maurice Shapiro. International copyright secured.

Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

My father and my mother were as happy as two birds
Until one day mamma she found a letter with some words:
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.
When pa came home that evening mother froze him, that was all.
They had a battle royal from the kitchen to the hall,
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.

CHORUS.

Mother hasn't spoke to father since, mother hasn't spoke to father since
Found a hair upon his coat and a spicy little note
That some other lady wrote, now poor father he's the goat,
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.

One night while dad was dreaming, dozing gently in a chair,
He started talking in his sleep about a maiden fair:
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.
He said: I love you, Daisy, come and kiss me, Daisy please!
Mamma said things you could not print, for her name is Louise.
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.

CHORUS.

Mother hasn't spoke to father since, mother hasn't spoke to father since
At a quarter after eight mother soaked him with a plate,
Now his hair is out of date, and he never stays out late,
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.

Poor father he took mother once to see a burlesque show,
They sat in front close to the stage in dear old bald head row,
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.
A girl in tights came out and sang: Come Float Me in the Sea,
She sang the song to father, talk about a jubilee,
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.

CHORUS.

Mother hasn't spoke to father since mother hasn't spoke to father since,
Mother started for the door, how the audience did roar,
Thought it was a new encore, gee! but wasn't mother sore!
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.

Over the Hills and Far Away.

Words by William Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Sweetheart, don't sigh, dearie, don't cry, summer will soon be here,
Over the hills and far away we'll go a-roaming, dear:
Sunshine in May drives care away, wild flower, kissed by dew,
Will then be in bloom with fragrant perfume, and waiting to welcome you.

CHORUS.

Over the hills and far away, far away, far away,
Roaming the fields of new mown hay;
We'll spend our holiday, sweet girlie,
Under the same old shady tree, shady tree, you and me,
Just like two little kids at play over the clover hills and far away.

Some day in spring I'll buy the ring, you will be mine in June,
Over the hills and far away we'll spend our honeymoon:
Singing love's song all the day long as hand-in-hand we roam,
And right from the start, as queen of my heart and queen of my home sweet home.

In just one year he said: My dear, you'll have to go, I fear,
Over the hills and far away, your health demands it, dear,
I'll have to stay in town each day, can't leave my business, Flo,
Remember now, sweet, you can't stand the heat, the doctor says you must go.

CHORUS.

Over the hills and far away, far away, far away,
He sent his wife one sunny day;
Then telephoned to May, sweet girlie,
May was his new affinity, 'finity, soul kissey,
Wife's gone away, hip, hip, hurray! over the clover hills and far away.

He used to write wife every night: Stay where you are, my dear,
Can't get away to join you, love, I've pressing business here;
Working away all night and day, there is so much to do,
Sweet rosy cheeks, am reading Three Weeks, and dreaming, sweetheart of you.

CHORUS.

Over the hills and far away, far away, far away,
Fly little wife came home one day, surprising him and May—
Sweet girlie, dear little wifey then did say:
You're working, eh? night and day, we'll ship this blonde from this café
Over the clover hills and far away.

In a Hammock Built for Two.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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On a summer day once I chanced to stray,
Down beside a babbling brook,
I heard voices near, some one whisp'ring dear,
Some one in a shady nook,
Peeped in through the trees, careful as you please,
Lest I scare the doves away,
Sight that met my eyes, filled me with surprise,
For this is what I saw that summer day:

CHORUS.

A hammock built for two, above a sky so blue,
A boy who whispered Sue, you're the only little girl on earth will do,
A hug, a sigh, a squeeze, a kiss floats on the breeze,
While they kept on swinging, to each other clinging in a hammock built for two.

Soon I heard him sigh, I must say good-by,
In a sad and tearful tone,
Kissed her once again, wandered down the lane,
Left her swinging all alone:
As I turned away, I heard some one say,
Move up, dear, there's room for two,
Looked and rubbed my eyes, there to my surprise,
Another boy was making love to Sue.

Won't You Be My Girlie?

Words and Music by Jos. E. Howard.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any other two songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Tell me, sweetheart, now why do you cry, why that tear in your eye?
For you know that my love's fond and true, none will do, only you;
So come to my arms, little darling, no longer those tears let me see,
For we have been playmates together and now you are more to me.

CHORUS.

Won't you be my girlie? I want to be your beau,
Let's be little sweethearts, dearie, don't say no!
Play that we are children as in the long ago,
Won't you be my girlie? for I want to be your beau.

You remember those mud pies we made and the games that we played
Ring-a-rosey and Puss in the Well, and those stories we'd tell;
I still see the old apple orchard where often we'd climb up a tree,
And I tried so hard then to kiss you and pleaded so tenderly:

Handle Me with Care

Words by William Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Lincoln Ball, Jackson's hall, dark society,
Clear the floor, as thro' the door enters Queenie Lee,
In a gown of orange brown, with William Shakespeare Jones:
As round they glide, to Bill, with pride, she said in soothing tones:

CHORUS.

Handle me with care, love, handle me with care,
Dance me gently round the hall, don't disturb my hair:
Just came from the manicure, spent an hour there,
Dress'd to kill, be careful Bill, and handle me with care.

Diamonds glare from her hair, coons just stand amazed,
Fishskin pearls and Hepner curls, wenches fairly dazed:
Twostep, Bill, just can't keep still, so let the music play,
Joins ev'ry dance, can't miss a chance to hear his Queenie say:

Good-by, Antonio.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

I feel-a blue want-a tell it to you 'bout my Tony,
He take-a de trunk, leave-a me and da monk much-a sad;
He's bigga star in da grand opera down at Coney,
Last night I go for to see-a da show much-a mad,
He come-a on like-a dis bigga con like Caruso,
But when he sing I forget ev'rything by-and-by,
I make a sigh, to him I cry:

CHORUS.

Antonio, very much I love you so,
De music-a start and you play-a da part,
But you break-a my heart you know,
Antonio, you're da whole-a bigga show,
It make-a me sore to hear you sing da Travotore,
I never forget and I fix-a you yet with a bigga stillette,
Then go, good-by, Antonio.

Antonio speak-a this very low, she's a crazy,
Hey run, don't-a stop, bring-a quick bigga cop, she's-a mad!
Policeman he came, say-a: Kid, what's your name, you're a daisy,
Take-a da ride in the wagon outside, you're in bad,
Just-a before-a we leave-a de door yelled-a Tony,
Loop-a de loop six-a months in da coop, good-a-by,
And dat's-a why I make da cry:

A Picnic for Two

Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Albert Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

The moon looked gaily down, he didn't wear a frown,
A happy pair was spooning there:
They sat upon the sands and held each other's hands,
For nothing else they seemed to care.
He thought: I love her true, I don't know what to do,
Or how to tell I love her well:
Soon the boy was asking: Sweetheart, can you guess
What would bring me happiness?

CHORUS.

Take a cunning little cottage, you will find there's lots of room,
Take a pretty little garden where sweet flowers bloom:
Take a dainty little girlie, one who says she's fond of you,
Then you settle down to love her, that's a picnic for two.

The fishes in the sea were swimming round in glee,
It seemed absurd, upon my word:
And many an ocean wave said: Why don't they behave?
Such foolish talk we never heard.
The girlie's head was bowed, the moon hid 'neath a cloud,
He said: What bliss, they want to kiss!
Soon the moon was winking with a merry face
When he saw the two embrace.

The Town Where I Was Born.

Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by WM. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Just again to hear the village choir,
Just to hear the songs they used to sing:
Just to see the little church and spire,
Half hidden by the trees in spring.
Just to see the little running brook
Flowing on in peace toward the sea;
Just the friends I knew, with sweethearts tried and true,
Seated beneath the sugar tree.

CHORUS.

There were no brown-stone mansions there, no gilded halls of fame,
There were no silks or laces rare, all tarnished o'er with shame:
The smiles out there were genuine and hearts were seldom torn,
And friends, tho' few, were staunch and true in the town where I was born.

Just again to see an angel face,
Just again to smoothe her silken hair:
Just to hear her voice at eventide,
As she taught to me a simple prayer.
Just to feel the touch of someone's hand
Sending thro' my soul a lover's thrill:
When her tears would start they seemed to melt my heart,
I wonder if she's living still?

I'm Getting Sleepy.

Words by Will Gumm. Music by Joe Hollander.

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Johnson White and Sally Green one night were passing by a grand hotel
When she said: Sweet, let's go in and eat, loosen up for once and be a swell:
He murmured: Sis, what kind of a place is this? It is Rectors, Mr. White, she said.
He yelled in fright Miss Sally Green, good night, I think it's time that I went home to bed.

CHORUS.

I'm getting sleepy, sleepy, and I'd cert'nly sooner sleep than eat.
I'm getting sleepy, sleepy, and I'm awfully sorry I can't treat.
To-night just dream you ate in there,
And I paid seven dollars for a choc'late eclair.
I'm getting sleepy, sleepy, and I'd cert'nly sooner sleep than eat.

Sally Green said: Don't you be so mean, be gen'rous just like all of your race,
And, Mr. White, as you are short to-night why, I'll take you to a cheaper place.
Then side by side they wandered till they spied a big restaurant where the lights were bright,
He said I'll guess, is this the Waldorf, yes, well now I know I'm goin' home all right.

Just My Style

Words by Robert B. Smith. Music by Raymond Hubbell.

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Since first your radiant eyes met mine and I gazed in their depths so blue,
I could plainly see you were meant for me and I was meant for you:
I knew at that time that by right divine as well as I know it now,
That do what I might I was yours all right, yet I can't explain just how

REFRAIN.

If you ask me why I love you, I will ask you if you know
Why the tiny stars above you nightly shine upon us so:
There is something in your manner, there is something in your smile,
There is something seems to tell me you are just my style.

I know lots of girls who are very, very dear, lots of girls with an eye to thrill,
Pretty girls who be very fair to see, but you are fairer still:
I know lots of men who are handsome chaps and think that perhaps they'd do,
I feel when they call I could love them all, but I am engaged to you.

In My Merry Oldsmobile.

Words by Vincent Bryan. Music by Gus Edwards.

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Young Johnnie Steele has an oldsmobile, he loves a dear little girl,
She is the queen of his gas machine, she has his heart in a whirl:
Now when they go for a spin, you know, she tries to learn the auto, so
He lets her steer while he gets her ear and whispers soft and low:

CHORUS.

Come away with me Lucile, in my merry oldsmobile,
Down the road of life we'll fly, automobubbling, you and I;
To the church we'll swiftly steal, then our wedding bells will peal,
You can go as far as you like with me in my merry oldsmobile.

They love to spark in the dark old park as they go flying along,
She says she knows why the motor goes, the sparker's awfully strong:
Each day they spoon to the engine's tune, their honeymoon will happen soon,
He'll win Lucile with his oldsmobile and then he'll fondly croon:

Fare Thee Well, Annabelle.

Words by Edward Madden. Music by H. B. Blank.

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Now the hour has come to part, Annabelle,
Though I know 'twill break your heart, Annabelle,
In your tender eyes of blue something tells me you'll be true,
When I'm marching home to you, Annabelle.

CHORUS.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, Annabelle,
In your heart let a fond mem'ry dwell
Of a boy in blue who dreams of you
Far away mid the shot and shell.
Fare thee well, Annabelle, fare thee well,
If they tell how I fought and fell
We will meet, you and I,
In the sweet by-and-by,
Fare thee well, Annabelle, fare thee well.

They are coming home again, Annabelle,
And you search the line in vain, Annabelle,
Though your eyes are shining bright, still your face is pale and white,
Where's your soldier boy to-night, Annabelle?

Making Eyes.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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In a cozy corner with your beau, lights are low, cheeks aglow,
You say: Want a squeeze? she says: Oh, you tease! just the same she doesn't answer no!
Tell her she's the only girl you prize, just your size, she'll get wise,
Play the little game all lovers seem to know by heart, making goo-goo eyes.

CHORUS.

Making eyes, making eyes,
Goo-goo at your girlie and she'll goo-goo back at you.
Steal a kiss or two, she won't mind a few
While you are making eyes:
Tell her she's the one you idolize,
Then you cuddle up and coo, and say: Whose baby dear is oo?
When you are making eyes.

Twilight always seems to lend a charm, what's the harm if your arm
Steals around her waist, mind it's tightly placed, see you do not cause the maid alarm:
Move up close and hold her little hand, understand, then it's grand,
That's the time the hugging starts, yes that's the time she'll sigh,
Don't this beat the band?

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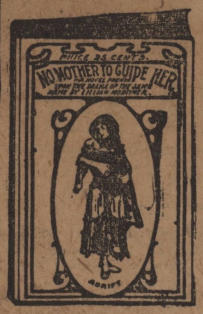

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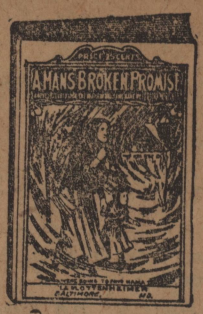

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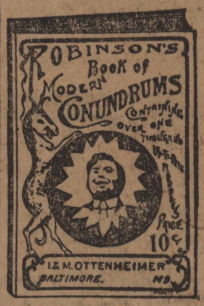

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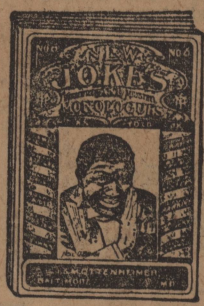

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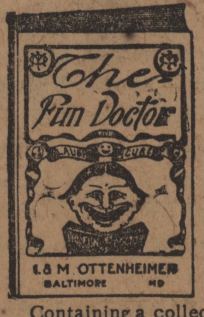

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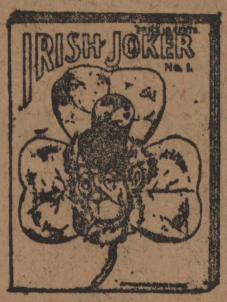

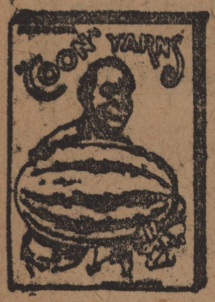

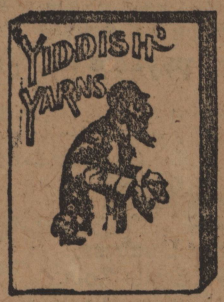

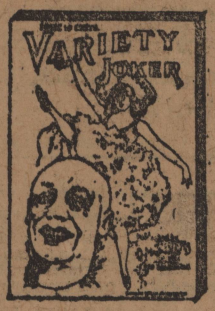

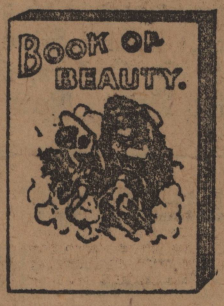

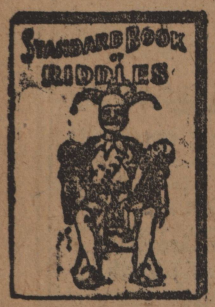

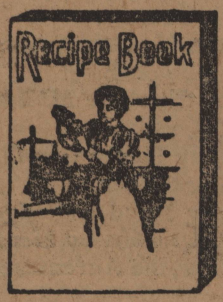

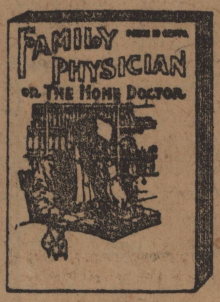

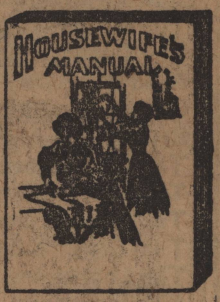

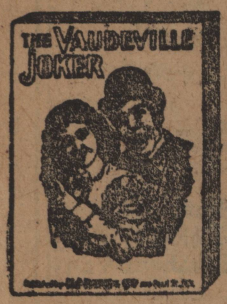

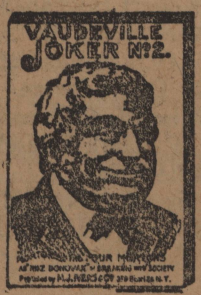

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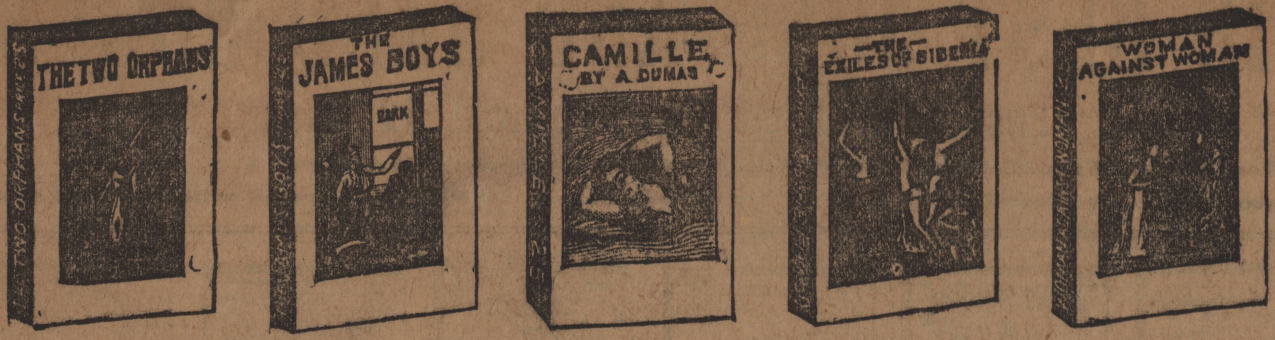

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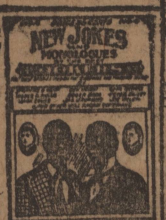

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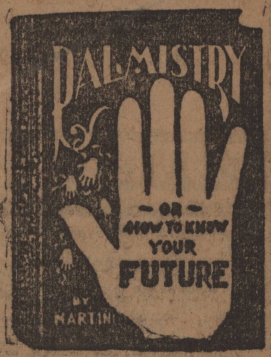

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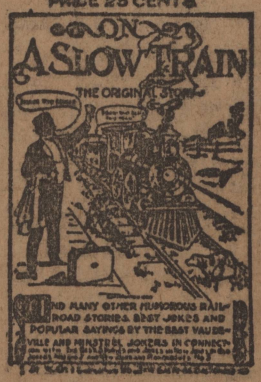
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CONTENTS—Abraham Jefferson Washington Lee. Adam's Ale. And a Little Child Shall Lead Them. As Long as the World Goes Round. As We Wander in the Orange Grove. Barney Maguire. Bee that Gets the Honey Doesn't Hang Around the Hive. Beside the Old Oak Gate. Big Banshee. Black Flag. Blow the Bellows, Blow. Bonnie Jean. Boodie. Broken Down. Camp-meeting Time. Cing, Cings, Samisen. Come Where the Lilies Bloom. Could You Read My Heart. Dat Ragtime Chord. Day Dreams. Dear Old Farm. Doggy in the Yard. Don't Say Adieu. Don't You Think It's Time to Marry? Down Beside the Meadow Brook. Down by the Cocoanut Palms. Down by the Old Village Green. Eileen Asthore. Elaine. Every Little Something. Fancies. Far Away Someone Thinks of You To-night. Fiji Kiss. Forgiven. For Love of Thee. Four Hundred. Friend of Mine Told a Friend of Mine. Full Moon Union. Get Up, Jack, John, Sit Down. Gibson Girl. Girl Who Loves to Love. Give Me a Ticket for Louisville. Gloriana. Going, Going, Gone. Good Old Songs of the Blue and Gray. Governor's Son. Heaven to Let. He Fought for the Cause He Thought Was Right. Hello, Babby. How Could You? Hungry Boarding House. Hurry, Little Children, Sunday Morn. I Could Love a Million Girls. Ida Ho. I'd Love to Have You Love Me. I'd Rather Be Outside a-Lookin' In than on the Inside a-Lookin' Out. If I Only Had the Nerve. If is Always in the Way. If Tears Were Pearls. I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave. I Like You, Too. I Love Every One in the Wide, Wide World. I'm Always Doing Something I Don't Want to Do. I'm Crazy 'Bout a Big Brass Band. I'm de Coon Lothario. I'm Going Right Back to Chicago. I'm Happy Now. I Miss You in a Thousand Different Ways. I'm Sorry. In the Shadows of the Silv'ry Moon. Isle. I Really Can't Sit Down. Isle de Blackwell. It's Hard When You Can't Trust a Friend. It's Lovely When Your Love Loves You. It's Only a Letter from Ireland. It's Up to You to Do the Rest. It's Your Lovely Disposition. It Wouldn't Be the Proper Thing at 'Ome. I've Heard So Much About You. I've Said My Last Farewell. I Want You. I Was Just Supposing. I Would Not Die in Spring Time. I Would Not Die in Winter Time. Jolly Fellow. Just Across from Jersey. Just Because It's You. Lemon in the Garden of Love. Let My Name Be Kindly Spoken. Letter Came at Last. Little Bunch of Daisies. Little Chauffeur. Little Fawn. Lonely Waiting for You. Look Who's Here. Love Dreams. Love's Young Dream. Major Gilfeather. Massa's Wedding Night. Midnight Squad. 'Mid the Sunny Fields of Dixie. Mr. Dooley's Geese. Mr. Monkey. Moon. Moth and the Butterfly. My Boss. My Ghetto Rose. My Mariuccia. My Pals Are My Pipe and Stein. Mysterious Maid. My Syncopated Gipsy Maid. Niggah Loves His 'Possum. Night Time. No Bird Can Sing in a Darkened Room. No One Else but You. No Show To-Night. Not Because Your Hair is Curly. Nothing New Beneath the Sun. Not So Long Ago. Oh, Heigh-ho. Oh, My, How We Pose. Oh, Why is Money So Hard to Get? Old Barn Floor. Old Black Crow. Old Broadway. Old Familiar Nook. Down by the Brook. One and One Make One. On the Pier at Dreamland. Plum Pudding. Push Me Along in My Push Cart. Queen of My Dreams. Rose. Rose and the Violet. Run Along. Sam Johnson's Colored Cakewalk. Sandy-haired Mary in Our Area. Savannah Anna. Sea is My Sweetheart. Skidmore Fancy Ball. Skids Are Out To-day. Slavery's Passed Away. Some Day in the Far Away. Something Seems to Tell Me I'm in Love with You. Sunday Night When the Parlor's Full. Susan, Kiss Me Good and Hard. Sweetheart Time. Sweet Rose of Athlone. Take Me Back to Dixie. Tell Me Love's Story Again. That's an Old Gag With Me. There's a Time and Place for Everything. There's No Room for a Dead One on the Great White Way. Throw Down dat Key. Traveling. Turn Verein Cadets. Two Little Sailor Boys. Underneath a Parasol. Wearers of the Green. What's the Use of Anything? What's the Use of Dreaming? What's the Use of Loving if You Can't Love All the Time? When a Poor Relation Comes to Town. When Chauncey Olcott Sings. When the Girl You Love Loves You. When the Wild Flowers Scent the Woodland. When Tommy Atkins Marries Dolly Gray. When Your Mother Says Good-by. Won't You Come Over to My House? Write a Loving Letter to Your Mother. You and the Girl You Love. You Can't Give Your Heart to Somebody Else. You're in Love. You're Just the Girl I'm Looking For. You're My First and Only Love, Sweet Annie, Dear. Your Lips, Your Eyes, Your Golden Hair. Zelda.

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DELANEY'S SONG BOOK No.

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CONTENTS—All In, Down and Out. America is Good Enough for Me. At the Meeting House To-night. Baby Blue. Beautiful Land of Love. Because I'm Married Now Because You're You. Bessie and Her Little Brown Bear. Billy Green. Bold Hibernian Boys. Boys, Keep Away from the Girls. Build a Nest for Birdie. Callahan's Gang. Chandra Nil, My Lotus Lady. Charleston Blues. Charming Young Widow. Cherry. Cinderella. Clara Jenkins' Tea. Coming Home from Meeting. Deutschland Dixie, I Love You. Don't Cher Think I Have a Right to Know? Don't Let Them Change You, Nell. Everybody is Welcome Up at My Girl's Flat. Everybody Likes the Girl I Like. Fanella. Farewell, Killarney. Fellow that Looks Like Me. Four, Eleven, Forty-four. Good-by, Baby Mine. Good-night, Ladies. Ham What Am. Haven of Thy Heart. Heart of a Sailor is True. Henrietta Pye. Here To-day, but When To-morrow Comes I Will Be Gone. He's a Cousin of Mine. Hindoo Paradise. Honora Doolin. How Soon You Are Forgotten When You're Gone. I Can't Find Another Girl Like You. I Can't Tell How I Miss You. I Could Learn to Love You if You Let Me Try. I'd Like to Know Your Address and Your Name. I'd Like to See a Little More of You. If Anybody Wants to Meet a Jonah, Shake Hands with Me. If You Could Sing This Song. I Have Waited for a Long, Long While. I'm Come Back Again to You. I Love You, Ma Cherie. I'm Getting Ready for My Mother-in-law. I'm in Love with the Slide Trombone. I'm Waiting in Loveland for You. In a Chimney Corner. In a Little House That's Built for Two. I Never Drink Behind the Bar. I Never Saw Such Jealousy in All My Life. In the Springtime When the Roses Bloom Again. In the Valley of Yesterday. In Washington. I Only Ask Remember Me. Island of By-and-by. Isle of Our Dreams. It's Great at a Baseball Game. It's Hard to Find a King Like Me. It's Lonesome To-night. I've Got a Vacant Room in My Heart for You. I've Got Your Number and Your Name. I Was Never Kissed Like that Before. Jolly Jungle Boys. Jolly Santa Claus. Juanita. Keep Me Away from the Monkey House. Leonora. Let It Alone. Let's Make Hay While the Sun Shines. Let's Get Acquainted. Let's Take a Trolley Ride. Light and Free. Like the Rose, You're the Fairest Flower. Little Class of One. Little Daughter Nell. Little One, Good-by. Little Postmen. Locked Out After Nine. Longing for Thee. Lucia. Malinda. Man that Knows It All. Market on Saturday Night. Maryland, My Maryland. Mary Moore. Meet Me Down at the Corner. Meet Me, Sweet Kathleen, in Honeysuckle Time. Miranda, When We Are Made One. Moses Andrew Jackson Good-by. Mrs. O'Harahan. My Moonlight Sue. Never Introduce Your Bloke to Your Lady Friend. Nightingale. No Wedding Bells for Me. Oh, Girly, Girly. O Mister Brown. Once in a While. On Grandma's Kitchen Floor. Only a Clover Blossom. On San Francisco Bay. On Such a Night as This. O Pretty Polly San. Pal of Mine. Path that Leads to Love. Pawnee. Rastus Johnson, U. S. A. Red Sky. Reindeer. Room to Let. Rose that She Wore. Salvation Army, Oh. San Antonio. Sarah. Seeing Denver. Sergeant Hickey of the G. A. R. Shabby Genteel. She's So Much Like You, Mother. Sleep and Forget. Somebody's Waiting for You. Song My Sweetheart Sang. Song of the Foam is Home, Sweet Home. Starry Night for a Ramble. Stingy Moon. Such an Education Has My Mary Ann. Sunny Side of Thompson Street Away Down Town. Sunshine and Summer. Sweetest Thing on Earth. Sweet Julienne. Sweet Kitty Curry. Take a Sail in My Boat. Take Me Back to Dear Old Dixie. Tale of the Monkey Maid. Tale the Church Bells Tolled. Tell Me. That Ever-loving Kid of Mine. That's What the Rose Said to Me. Thursday is My Jonah Day. Town at the End of the Line. Trooper's the Pride of the Ladies. True Blue. Forget Me Not. Two Hearts that Beat as One. Two Little Boys in Blue. Umpire is a Most Unhappy Man. U. S. A. for Me. Veteran Guard Cadets. Waning Honeymoon. Waiters; or, Two More to Come. Wait on the Corner for Me. We'll Be Sweethearts to the End. We'll Be There, Little One, We'll Be There. What Poor Fools We Mortals Be. What's All the Worry. When Bob White is Whistling in the Meadow. When the Days Are Sunny, Honey. When the Evening Twilight Bids the Day Good-by. When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget. Where My Forefathers Died. Why Don't You Write When You Don't Need Money. Will the Angels Let Me Play? Without a Wedding Ring. Won't You Come Over to Philly, Willie? Won't You Let Me Put My Arms Around You? You Can Have Broadway. You'll Have to Wait Till My Ship Comes In.

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The largest and best collection of popular songs of the day.

CONTENTS—Abide with Me. Acushla. After They Gather the Hay. Ain't It Awful? And a Little Bit More. And They Say He Went to College. Ask Me Not. Austrian National Hymn. Autumn. Babe, It's Too Long Off. Barney from Sweet Killarney. Best Thing in Life. Bird on Nellie's Hat. Blondy. Blow the Smoke Away. Bonnie Sue Sunshine. Bowery Bantams' Ball. Build Your Nest Away Down in My Heart. Can You Keep a Secret? Captain Baby Bunting. Charles John, Our Brave King. Come to the Land of Bohemia. Could You Love a Little Girl Like Me? Dark Eyes. Dat's Music to Me. Dixie Anna Lou. Don't You Tell. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Dreaming. Dream On, Dear Heart. Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes. Easter Dawn. Ephraham Johnson Don't Live Here No Mo'. Every Little Bit Added to what You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More. Farewell, Mavourneen. Farewell, Prosperity. Fish Story. Galveston. Ginger Blues. Girl He Left Behind Him. Girl Who Was Meant for Me. Harrigan. He Goes to Church on Sunday. Hello, Miss Lizzie Green. He Never Even Said Good-by. Here It Comes Again. Holland's National Hymn. Honey Boy. Hungarian National Hymn. I Can't Help Thinking of You. I'd Live or I Would Die for You. I Don't Like Your Family. I'd Rather Two-step than Waltz, Bill. If You Want to Pick a Fuss, Wait Till the Sun Shines. I Get Dippy When I Do that Two-step Dance. I'll Be There in the Public Square. I Love You All the Time. I'm a Popular Man. In a One-night Stand. In Harmony Lane. Insanity. In the Good Old Irish Way. I've Lost My Little Dog. Jack and Jill. Jealous. Just Because I Loved You So. Kid Days. King Christian. Land of Golden Dreams. Let's Hold Hands in the Moonlight, Mary. Let's Take an Old-fashioned Walk. Life is a See-saw. Lulu and Her La, La, La. Madaline. Make a Lot of Noise. Make Way for Dis Broadway Coon. Man, Man, Man. March of the Men of Harlech. Marianina. Marseillaise. Mary Kelly's Beau. Matildy. Midshipmite. Mr. Bingham. Moonbeams and Dreams of You. Moon Boy. More I See of Old Broadway the More I Feel at Home. Morning, Cy. Morning Star. Musical Comedy Maid. My Creole Saidee. My Dear. My Double. My Girl from Everywhere. My Maid of Mandalay. My Sweet Elizer. My Wild Irish Rose of Killarney. 'Neath the Old Acorn Tree, Sweet Estelle. No, No, Positively No. Norma Darling. Norwegian National Hymn. Oh, Come, My Lou. Old Bill Jones. Old Hundred. On an Old-fashioned Buggy Ride. On the Merry-go-round. Onward, Christian Soldiers. Owatonna. Patsy Dear. Peep-eye, Mr. Moon. Polish Hymn. Reed Bird, the Indian's Bride. Rule Britannia. Russian National Hymn. Save a Little Money for a Rainy Day. School Days. Sherman's March to the Sea. Since Hiram Went to Yale. Sing Me the Songs of Dixieland. Skipper. Small Town Girl. So. So Long, Joe. Somebody's Always Willin' to Do Somethin' for Somebody. Spanish National Song. Stay Away, Mariuccia. Streets of New York. Superstition. Sweethearts May Come and Sweethearts May Go. Sweethearts of Boyhood Days. Sweetie Dear. Sweet Marie Snow. Take Care, Senor. Take Me Back to New York Town. Take Me Down to Jamestown, Jimmie. Teddy Bears. Tell Me, Darling, that You Love Me. There's Just One Girl I'd Like to Marry. There's Many a Smiling Face that Hides an Aching Heart. There's Something Sweet About You. They All Go to Church on Sunday. Tipperary Nora. Tulip and the Rose. Uncle Sammy. Under the Tropical Moon. United We Stand. Wait Till They Harvest the Grain. Watch on the Rhine. Way Back. We Have No One to Care for Us Now. Welcome on the Mat Ain't Meant for Me. When It's Raining. When the Lilacs Bloom. I'll Come to You. When the Swallows Build Their Nest, Sweet Marie. When We Led the Sheep Home, Mary. When You Kiss the Girl You Love. Where the Jessamine is Blooming Far Away. Whistle When You Walk Out. Who Are You Getting At, Eh? Why Don't You Answer, Dearie? Why Don't You Take One, Little Boy? Will You Be My Teddy Bear? Won't You Throw a Kiss to Me? Wouldn't You Like to Have Me for a Sweetheart? Yo' Eyes Are Open, but Yo' Sound Asleep. You Are My Firebug. You'll Be My Honey Boy, I'll Be Your Valentine. Young Men Lodgers. You're in Love. You're the Sweetest Girl I Know. You Were Made for Me.

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DELANEY'S SONG BOOK No. 49.

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CONTENTS—Ah! Eh? Oh! Ain't You Glad You Found Me? Angel of My Dreams. Any Old Time at All. As Long as the World Goes Round. As Long as the World Rolls On. At Eventide. Auf Wiedersehn. Fraulein. Bessie on the Boardwalk. Best I Get Is Much Obliged to You. Betty. Billy Dear. Bridgeta. Broncho Buster. Budweiser's a Friend of Mine. Burning Up the Boulevard. Busy Little Broadway. Bye, Bye, Dearie. Bye, Bye, Dear Old Broadway. Bye, Bye, My Caroline. Canada I Oh. Come Along, Pretty Liza. Come Down and Kiss Me, Honey Mine. Come Put Your Arms Around Me. Coney Island. Cot Where I Was Born. Cricket and the Moon. Darling. Darling Sue. Does Anybody Want a Blonde? Don't Be So Angry. Don't Get Married Any More, Ma. Door of Hope. Drink with Me. Emmet's Cuckoo Song. Ever-loving Spoony Sam. Everybody's Pickin' on Me. Everyone Is In Slumberland but You and Me. Every Star Falls in Love with Its Mate. Face to Face. Fou the Noo Garibaldi. Girl Who Threw Me Down. Handle Me with Care. Handsome Brave Life Saver. Hark, Baby, Hark. Have I Not Been Kind to Thee? Heart of My Heart. He Had All the Best of Me. He Went a-Hunting. Hunt the Buffalo. I Ain't Nobody in Particular. I Cannot Live Without You. I Don't Care. If I Could Only Live the Past Again. If I'm Going to Die, I'm Going to Have Some Fun. If I Should Fall in Love with You. If We Knew what the Milkman Knows. I Haven't Told My Mother Up to Now. I'll Be Waiting, Dearie, When You Come Back Home. I Love a Lassie. I'm Tying the Leaves So They Won't Come Down. In the Apple Blossom Time. In the Land of the Buffalo. In the Neighborhood of Love. I Oughtn't Ought to Any More. Irish Blue Eyes. I Want the World to Know I Love You. I Want You. I Will Marry Him to Make a Home for Mother. I've Got a Tickling Sensation Round My Heart for You that Can't Be Scratched. John Riley's Always Dry. Just an Old Friend of the Family. Just Help Yourself. Just Remove Your Name Plate from Ma Door. Keep on Smiling. Kentucky Ross. Kiss from the Girl You Love. Kiss, Kiss, Kiss. Land of Nicotine. Lemon Tree. Life Would Be Naught Without You. Little Nemo and His Bear. Man and a Maid and a Moon. Mariutch Make-a the Hootch-a Ma-kootch Down at Coney Isle. Michael McGinnity. Mirror's the Cause of It All. Miss Killarney. Modern Sandow Girl. Moolbarri. Moon Behind the Hill. Mother's the Boss at Our House. Mr. Burns of New Rochelle. Mulligan's Promises. My Irish Gibson Girl. My Irish Rosie. My Kickapoo Queen. My Little Drummer Boy. My Mary's Heart Is Irish. My Pocahontas. My Twilight Queen. My Virginia. 'Neath the Old Cherry Tree, Sweet Marie. Never Take the Horseshoe from the Door. Night Cap. O'Hara's Mavourneen. O'Hara's See Saw. Oh, Oh, Miss Lucy Ella. One Little, Sweet Little Girl. On the Old See Saw. Poor John. Poor Uncle Pete. Put a Bet Down for Me. Red Wing. Re-incarnation. Rose of Old Derry. Rum-tiddley-um-tum-tay. Sacramento. Second Degree. Full Moon Union. She Is Ma Daisy. Silent Wooing. Skids Are Out To-night. Sleepy Haid. Smile, Smile, Smile. Softest o' the Family. So Long, So Long. Some Day By-and-by. Sonoma. South Fifth Avenue. Sweeter Story Still. Sweet Jessie Dear. Take Me Around Again. Take Me Back to Ireland. Take Me with You in Your Dreams. Take Your Time. That's How He Met the Girl. That's Where Friendship Ends. That You May Know. Theodore. There's a Girl in This World for Every Boy and a Boy for Every Girl. There's a Lot of Things Noah Never Knew. There's Not Another Girlie. Top o' the Mornin', Bridget McCue. Totem Pole. True Till Death. Uncle Ned. Under Any Old Flag at All. We Parted on the Shore. What Will Your Answer Be? When a Fellow's on the Level with a Girl that's on the Square. When I Was in the Chorus of the Gaiety. When Summer Tells Autumn Good-by. When the Birds in Georgia Sing of Tennessee. When the Bluebirds Nest Again, Sweet Nellie Gray. When the Sheep Are in the Fold, Jennie Dear. When the Swallows Northward Fly, Sweet Eleanor. When Two Hearts Harmonize. When We Are M-a-double-r-i-e-d. When Your Heart Is In the Fray. When You See Me with Another Beau. Who? Me? Will He Answer Goo-goo? Won't You Be My Baby Boy? Won't You Waltz Home, Sweet Home with Me for Old Times Sake? Yesterday. You Are My Life, My All. Your Father Was a Soldier. Zoo Loo.

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DELANEY'S SONG BOOK No. 50.

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CONTENTS—All Aboard for the M. G. P. All the Girls Look Good to Me. All You Ever Bring Home is Your Appetite. And He Blames My Dreamy Eyes. Any Old Port in a Storm. Any Time You're Passing By. At the Old Cross Roads. Bob Me Up and Down, Bob. Bon Bon Buddy. Boys that Fight the Flames. B. P. O. E. Casey Social Club. Cash, Cash, Cash. Castles in the Air. Cecelia with a Capital C. Clancy. Come Back to Old Manhattan, Dearie. Come Down, Salomy Jane. Come Unto Me, Ye Weary One. Comrade Mine. Corn is Waving, Annie, Does Your Heart Beat True? Dat Citron Wedding Cake. Dat Friend of Mine. Dear Old East Side. Dip Me in the Golden Sea. Dixie Dan. Dolly Dear. Don't Be Angry with Me, Darling. Don't Weaken, Pal. Don't Worry. Don't You Miss the Train. Early in the Morning. Eileen, My Own. Faderland for Mine. Fas', Fas' World. For the Red, White and Blue. Friars Gee. Ain't I Glad I'm Home. Gee, but This is a Lonesome Town. Gee but Those Were Happy Days. Girl from the Golden West. Give Me Your Love. Gliding Down the Stream. Golden Choir. Good-by, Christina Swanson. Good-by, Dinah. Hallway Door. Has Anybody Seen My Husband? Hello, Hello, Hello, It's a Different Girl Again. Hello, Mamie, Hello. Hello, Mister Stein. Herman. His Wedding Bells Will Ring To-day. Home of the Celt and the Gael. How'd You Like to Float Me? I Couldn't Make a Hit with Molly. I'd Be Happy if That Was Mine. I'd Like to Know When You Can. I'd Rather Be a Lemon than a Grape Fruit. If You'll Walk with Me. If You Must Make Eyes at Someone Won't You Please Make Eyes at Me. I Got Another One. I Got to See de Minstrel Show. I'll Love You Just the Same. I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen. I'll Wear the Trousers, Oh. I'm a Business Man. I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark. I'm Head and Heels in Love with You. I'm Looking for the Man that Wrote the Merry Widow Waltz. I'm Rehearsing with a Broadway Show. If I'm Starving for One Sight of You. I'm Waiting for the Summer Time and You. In Bandanna Land. In Philadelphia. I Said Hello, She Said the Same. It Might Have Been. It's a Grand Old Game. It's Hard to Love Somebody. I've Got a Spooney-ooney Feeling. I Want a Gibson Man. I Want to be Among the Boys. Just a Little on Account. Just Because He Couldn't Sing Love Me and the World is Mine. Keep Away from the Girl. Kilpcrankie. Knights of St. Patrick. Late Hours. Looking for the Lovelight in Your Eyes. Mary Blaine. Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary, She Kept a Dairy. May Fuzzy. Mazuma. Mistakes Are Apt to Happen in the Best of Families. Moonshine. Musette. My Honey Moon. My Irish Fluffy Ruffles. My Pretty Irish Queen. Norah McGuire. Nothing Bothers Me. Nothing Ever Worries Me. O'Brien Has No Place to Go. Only a Violet. My Sweetheart Gave to Me. On the Grand Old Sand. Pa, Ma and a Pretty Little Miss. Pass It Along to Father. Peach that Tastes the Sweetest Hangs the Highest on the Vine. Perfect Lady. Pipe of Peace. Put Me Amongst the Girls. Queen of the Jujah Islands. Rain in the Face. Roll Around. She Couldn't Keep Away from the Ten-cent Store. She's the Daughter of an A. P. A. Since My Mariutch Learned the Merry Widow Waltz. Skids Are on Review. Skipper and His Boy. Smarty. So What's the Use? Splinter from My Father's Wooden Leg. Stop Yer Tickling, Jock. Summer Time. Sweet Forget-me-not. Sweetheart Days. Tell Me You Love Me, that's All I Ask of You. Tennessee Tessie. Then You're Living in a World of Your Own. There Comes a Night. There's Another Picture in My Mamma's Frame. There's No One Half So Good as You, Mame. Third Degree, Full Moon Union. This Ain't Such a Bad Town After All. Tipperary. Tobermory. True Heart. Tur-i-ad-i-lum; or, Santa Claus Has Come. Under the Matzo Tree. Until the End of Time. Until Then. Virginia, the Pride of My Heart. Vision. Weddin' of Lauchie M'Graw. When a Fellow is Twenty-one. When a Girl Leads the Band. When I Get Back to Piccadilly. When It's Moonlight, Mary Darling, 'Neath the Old Grape Arbor Shade. When Miss Patricia Salome Did Her Funny Little Oo la Palome. When Sweet Marie Was Sweet Sixteen. When the Autumn Moon is Creeping Thro' the Woodlands. When the Clock on the Tower Strikes Twelve. When the Hammer on the Anvil Rings. When the Springtime Brings the Roses, Jessie Dear. When the Violets Bloom, Violet. When They're Bringing in the Corn. When You Love Her and She Loves You. Whist, the Bogie Man. Won't You Blow Bubbles with Me? Won't You Please Let Me Come Home? You Can't Guess What He Wrote on My Slate. You Have Me. You're the Apple of My Eye, Lillie Dale. You're the One Best Bet. Yours is Not the Only Aching Heart. Zora.

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DELANEY'S SONG BOOK No. 51.

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The largest and best collection of popular songs of the day.

CONTENTS—Across the Fair Blue Hills, Marie. Ain't It Awful, Mabel? Any Little Girl. Are You Sincere? As You Walk Down the Strand. Be Sweet to Me, Kid. Betsy's the Belle of the Bathers. Booker T.'s Are on Parade To-day. Bye, Bye, My Sailor Boy, Jack Tar. Captain D'Arcy of the Guard. Captain Willie Brown. Celia from Ceylon. Chalice. Childhood. Come Out and Shine, Oh, Mr. Moon. Customs of the Country. Dear Daisy Chain. Doctor Munyon. Don't You Want to Be My Bow-wow-wow? Dorabelle. Down the Road. Do You Think that You Could Like Me? Eileen. Every Mother's Son There Sang the Wearing of the Green. Farewell, Forget Me Not. Feegee Man. Garden of Dreams. Gay Coney Island. Girl I've Seen in Dreams. Gretchen. Hang Out the Front Door Key. Have You Seen My Baby? Hello, Sweetie. Honor Bright, I Loves Yer Right, Old Pal. Hoo-oo, Ain't You Coming Out To-night? Hot Lunch Man. How Many Have You Told that To? I Am So Particular. I Can't Keep My Eyes Off of You. I Could Learn to Love a Little Girl Like You. I'd Guess You. I Do, I Do, I Do. I'd Rather Be a Little Too Soon than Just a Little Bit Too Late. If It's Good Enough for Washington It's Good Enough for Me. If Somebody Loved Me. If You Were Mine. I Hate to Work on Monday. I Just Can't Keep My Feet Still When the Band Begins to Play. I'm a Lonesome Man. I'm a Yiddish Cowboy. I'm Certainly Perfectly Dissatisfied. I Met My Love in a Restaurant. I'm Going Away. I'm Scared. I'm Wilkin' to Wait. In Barcelona. In Bohemia with You. I Never Bother Nothing Till It Bothers Me. In the Days When Grandma Dear Was Young. In the Springtime When the Roses Bloom Around the Cottage Door. In the Twi-Twi-Twilight. I Sing as I Sail with the Rollicking Gale. I Think an Awful Lot of You. It Looks Like a Big Night To-night. It's Good-by, Pal. It's Only Me in My Nightie. I've Been Discharged by Them All. I Was a Hero, Too. I Was Roaming Along. I W-I-double L. I Won't. I Wonder if It's You. I Would Still Love You. Just Some One. Just You, Dear, You. Katie, Darling, I Am Waiting. Killarney. My Home Over the Sea. Kiss Me Right. Li'l Feller, Come an' Play. Little Brown Baby. Little French Petticoat. Little Girl. Little Girl in Blue. Liza Leech. Lotus San. Love Once Again in the Springtime. Man, a Maid, a Moon, a Base. Mandy Lane. Martha Gray. Meet Me, Jenny, When the Sun Goes Down. Meet Me with Spangles and Bells On. Message of the Eyes. Most Every Town Has a Broadway. Mother Hasn't Spoke to Father Since. My Arizona Girl. My Fluff-a De Ruff. My Gal Irene. My Little Murad. My Lotus Flower. Needles and Pins. Night Before Christmas. None Can Take Your Place with Me. Nothing Ever, Ever, Ever, Hardly Ever Troubles Me. Oh, My, but Wasn't She Angry? Oh, Restless Ocean. Oh, the Merry Widow. Old Yankee Land for Me. One, Two, Three, All Over. Only Girl I Love. Over the Hills and Far Away. Party that Wrote Home, Sweet Home Never Was a Married Man. Poppy and the Pink. Pride of the Prairie. Queenie. Rebecca. Road to Yesterday. Roguish Eyes. Rose of the Rancho. Roses Bring Dreams of You. Sahara. Sailing in My Balloon. Samuel. She's Dixie Through and Through. Simple Little Milliner. So Long, Bill. Somebody Loves You, Dear. Somebody that I Know and You Know, Too. Some Day, Sweetheart, Some Day. Some Day You'll Come Back to Me. Stephen. Sting of a Bumble Bee. Stop Making Faces at Me. Story that Never Grows Old. Story the Picture Blocks Told. Summer Girl. Sunbeam. Sunbonnet Sue. Sweet Sixteens. Swing Me Higher, Obadiah. Taffy. Take Me Down to Luna. Take Me Out to the Ball Game. Tell Me What's a Fellow to Do? Texarkana. There Never Was a Girl Like You. There Was Something on His Mind. They All Look Alike to Mary. This is No Place for Me. Tho' I Try, I Can't Forget You. Tiddley-om-pom. Two Little Doves. Virgie from Virginia. Wal, I Swan. Waltz with Me. Wedding March. When Highland Mary Did the Highland Fling. When the Music Starts to Play. When the Right One Comes Along. When the Springtime Comes Again, Sweet Jennie Mine. When We Listened to the Chiming of the Old Church Bell. When You Steal a Kiss or Two. Whistling Yankee Girl. Will You Miss Me All the Year Round? Wooing Time. Wop, Wop, Wop. Would You Miss Me? You Have Changed the Winter in My Heart to Glad Springtime. You'll Be Sorry Just Too Late. You'll Do the Same Thing Over for the Old Red, White and Blue. You'll Have to Get Off and Walk. You're Just the One for Me.

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DELANEY'S SONG BOOK No. 52.

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